ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

ON

Subjects MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

By Miſs J. FENNO, of *Boſton.*

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PREFACE.

Friendly Readers,

I ask myself the important question, what has induced me to make public my private thoughts and reflections? I answer, my motive, I think, is a sincere desire to answer the noble end of my creation, and to promote the happiness and eternal felicity of my dear fellow creatures. When I began to write the exercises of my mind, I did not think of publishing them, but at the call of providence, and desire of my friends, I feel it to be my duty. Oh, that the feeble efforts of a young female, may tend to promote the glory of the adorable JEHOVAH!

The subjects that have engaged my attention are such as the thinking part of mankind, will agree to call interesting and important. Sometimes my mind has been led to contemplate that glorious Being, who formed the earth, and built the skies. Sometimes I have endeavoured to trace my Creator's footsteps in the works of nature, and my mind has been agreeably led from nature up to nature's GOD. The important things of eternity have likewise employed my thoughts; yes, my friends, I expected ere now to have launched out into the shoreless ocean;

ocean; but just as I was expecting to change worlds, the scene was changed, and I was sent back by unerring wisdom to finish this work I had begun to do. Necessity is laid upon me, and the love of Christ constrains me, I expect to meet the censures of many; but none of these things move me. *The like things have happened to others that have gone before me. Even David, the man after God's own heart, was accused of pride, because he attempted to do his duty*; "*I know the pride and naughtiness of thine heart,*" *said his brethren. But he was conscious that God's glory was his motive, and in his strength he encountered the philistine with no other weapon than a* sling and a stone. *Yes, the little pebblestone was instrumental in destroying the enemy of his country. I doubt not that this book may appear in the eyes of the learned world, like an insignificant pebble. But happy shall I be, if it may be so slung as to smite one philistine.*

I know I am unworthy, and unable of myself to do any thing to promote the best of interests, but I trust through grace, that David's God is mine; and that what he has given me a heart to do, that he will enable me to perform. I write not for honor, and applause, but to speak forth the praises of my Maker. I feel indebted to him for my one talent, *and I think it my duty to improve it as much as if*

13 OC 61

I had ten. I feel ſenſible I have nothing but what I have received, therefore I have nothing to boaſt of, I deſire to give God all the glory. Yes, my friends, I can truly ſay,

"Not to my name, thou only juſt and true,
"Not to my worthleſs name is glory due;"
The talent's thine, the glory ſhall be thine,
Nothing but imperfection I call mine.

That the divine Being may bleſs theſe feeble, but ſincere attempts to promote his praiſe, is the ardent deſire of

Your Humble Servant,

15 OC 61 J. F.

Boſton, July 1, 1791.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS.

An attempt to praiſe GOD *for the Author's experience of his goodneſs.*

AID me kind heav'n, aſſiſt my feeble lays,
To celebrate my great Creator's praiſe;
What ſhall I render to my God and King!
The tribute of a grateful heart I'll bring.
Bleſs Oh my ſoul, the great Jehovah's name,
And all within me join to praiſe the ſame;
I now would take a retroſpective view,
Of the great dangers I've been carried through.
Diſeaſe, and pain, had brought my body down,
But thanks to God, he did not on me frown;
Chaſtiſements are the tokens of his love,
And they are ſent, his children for to prove.
I was ſo happy in the views of death,
I gladly could have loſt my dying breath!
Bleſſed be God, as on my bed I lay,
Thanks to his name, with triumph I could ſay;

Chriſt

Chriſt is my life, my joy, my only hope,
And I ſhall never ſink with ſuch a prop.
Oh, that a grateful ſenſe I may retain,
Oh, may his love to me, my love to him conſtrain;
Within my Saviour's arms I wiſh'd to die,
And in that moment did with rapture cry;
"Oh glorious hour! Oh bleſt abode!
"I ſhall be near and like my God;
"And ſenſe, and ſin, no more controul,
"The pureſt pleaſures of the ſoul."
Happy I was to think that I ſhould be,
From ſin and death forever, ever free;
Happy to dwell where love eternal reigns,
And praiſe my God in everlaſting ſtrains.
But ſtop! my glaſs ſtill runs, my breath's reſtor'd,
To praiſe God's name, his name ſhall be ador'd;
While in this world, Oh may it be my care,
For future joys and glory to prepare.
That when the laſt of all my days is come,
Cheerful and fearleſs I may meet my doom;
Oh may my laſt, the beſt of moments be,
Then gladly I will launch into eternity.

On the being of a GOD.

THAT there's a God all nature ſure muſt own;
And that he reigns as ſovereign Lord alone,

The

The heav'ns above his glorious works proclaim,
And loudly ſpeak the honors of his name.
See yonder conſtellations how they ſhine!
And ſpeak their glorious Maker all divine.
The ſun it rules by day with beauteous light,
And fills our hearts with pleaſure and delight:
'Tis he, 'tis he commands the ſhining moon
To ſcatter brightneſs through the nightly gloom.
The brilliant ſtars that twinkle in the ſkies,
Proclaim their Maker to be great and wiſe.
The thunders, they revere his awful nod;
And loud proclaim there is a glorious GOD.
He bids the lightning flaſh from pole to pole,
All which ſtrike terror through the guilty ſoul.
He ſaith to the proud waves, peace, peace, be ſtill,
And all is huſh'd ſubſervient to his will.
Along the verdant banks the waters glide,
Behold the paſtimes of the finny tribe.
In all the plants, in ev'ry beauteous flow'r,
There are diſplays of wiſdom, ſkill and pow'r;
The fields, and trees, are clad in cheerful green:
In rocks, and hills, his wond'rous pow'r is ſeen.
His goodneſs has no bounds, here I muſt end,
Oh may theſe lines unto his glory tend,
But while all nature doth his power proclaim,
Speak forth, Oh man, the honors of his name.

On the works of GOD.

HOW vaſt! how various! are the works of God,
He built the ſpacious earth, and ſpread the heav'ns abroad;
With pleaſing wonder we look round and view,
The great Creator's pow'r and goodneſs too.
Nature's a book, and nature's God appears,
To be the ſame throughout revolving years;
He ſpake the word, then from confuſion came,
The beauteous order of the world's great frame.
In the bright morning ſun, his glory is diſplay'd,
And in the evening breeze and midnight ſhade;
The moon and ſtars with their bright ſilver rays
Proclaim his goodneſs and demand our praiſe.
Of all the glorious works, ſince God began,
Methinks the nobleſt work of God is man;
Man is the image of his Maker ſure;
He has a ſoul that always will endure;
To ſave this ſoul, the bleſſed Jeſus came,
And to the world his mercy did proclaim.
Oh God thy name is great! thy love extends!
Unto the earth's remoteſt diſtant ends.
Oh that all hearts with gratitude might move,
To ſpeak his glory and declare his love;
My tongue ſufficiently can't ſpeak his grace,
"Come then expreſſive ſilence, muſe his praiſe!"

On the Omnipreſence of GOD.

IF up to heaven I take my lofty flight,
There thou doſt reign enthron'd in robes of light,
If from thy Spirit I attempt to flee,
I ſtill ſhould find thy preſence was with me.
If at a diſtance from thee I would ſtand,
Yet ſtill I am incloſed in thy hand;
"Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
"I am ſurrounded ſtill with God."
Oh ſolemn thought! th' all-ſeeing God is nigh,
He looks upon me with a watchful eye,
He ſees the inmoſt ſecret of my ſoul,
He knows the thoughts that in my boſom roll.
Oh then methinks I ought to watch my heart,
Since God deſcrys the very inmoſt part;
Oh that to God my heart I may approve;
Oh may I love him with an endleſs love.

On the glorious GOD.

HOW great is that God, whom all worlds adore!
How extenſive his knowledge! how wond'rous his pow'r!
How boundleſs his goodneſs! how vaſt is his love!
The wide, wide creation, his wiſdom does prove.

The

The earth with his riches is ev'ry where fill'd,
And Oh, the vaſt treaſures the ocean does yield!
Can ever ſuch a thing as an Atheiſt be?
When around us ſuch wonders we ev'ry where
ſee.

Sure there is nothing leſs than God on high,
That could produce the fabric of a fly;
No mortal pow'r with life could ever warm,
The meaneſt inſect, or the ſmalleſt worm.
The great Jehovah, ſure did make this earth,
'Twas he who gave to ev'ry creature birth;
Wherever then we turn our wond'ring eyes,
We may diſcern the God who built the ſkies.
That God is good, there ſure is none can doubt,
His goodneſs is diſplay'd the world throughout;
The world, and providence, do both declare,
That with this Being great, none can compare.
But in redemption, there his glory ſhines,
In brighteſt characters, and faireſt lines;
Oh man, thy gratitude to God is due,
Theſe wond'rous wonders, they are all for you.

A deſire to feel our dependance on GOD.

O never may I anxious thoughts employ,
Diſtruſt embitters every preſent joy;
May I for all ſupplies on God depend,
I never ſure can want, if God's my friend.

If well I act my part and do my beſt,
Sure to my Maker I may leave the reſt;
The hand that form'd me ſure will me maintain,
No anxious care ſhall in my boſom reign.
Could the fond mother e'er forget her child,
When in her arms the lovely infant ſmil'd;
Think we that ſovereign love can then deſert,
They that truſt in him with an honeſt heart?
Tho' our wiſe Maker grant not all our mind,
Yet we ſhould never ſay that heav'n's unkind;
The ſovereign God's alike both good and wiſe,
In what his wiſdom grants and what denies.
Tho' often numerous troubles intervene,
Tho' gloomy ſorrows darken all the ſcene,
He who provides the hungry ravens food,
Will never fail to do his children good.
On his kind providence we ſhould depend,
In his good time he'll every bleſſing ſend,
He gave his only Son, to ſhed his blood,
He'll not withhold then any earthly good.

The happineſs of feeling our dependance on GOD.

HAPPY the man who does on God depend!
He is a tri'd, a conſtant, faithful friend;
They that truſt in him, ſhall his favour find,
He is a father pitiful and kind;

The

The good man's hope is built above the ſkies,
He need not fear, tho' ſtorms of trouble riſe.
If God does hear young ravens when they cry,
His children's wants he ſurely will ſupply.
Oh can we then diſtruſt a God thus kind?
Tho' he in wiſdom grant not all our mind;
Sure goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe,
All needful bleſſings freely will diſpenſe.
Depart all anxious cares, nor break my peace,
I'll truſt in God whoſe mercies never ceaſe;
He is a ſource of love, from him does flow,
Sweet ſtreams of pleaſure that will ever grow.
Oh may thy boundleſs love now melt my heart!
Oh that I now might learn that heav'nly art,
Of love and ſov'reign grace I fain would ſing,
To praiſe the world's Redeemer, heaven's King.

GOD *manifeſt in his works.*

OH thou my ſoul with admiration view,
The great Creator's pow'r and goodneſs too;
None but a God omnipotent and wiſe,
Could frame this earth or ſpread the boundleſs ſkies.
He from dark chaos call'd this ſpacious ball,
And the Almighty God is ſeen in all;

What noble wonders does this earth contain,
What countleſs wonders the unfathom'd main;
Bedew'd with gold the ſcaly nations ſhine,
Sport in the wave or laſh the foaming brine.
Jehovah's glories ſhine all nature round,
In heav'n, on earth, and in the deeps profound.
The lovely lark, that mounts aloft in air,
Its Maker's praiſes ſurely does declare.
The zephyrs breathe his name, the thunders roar,
While ſurge to ſurge, and ſhore reſounds to ſhore.
The beaſts in lowing murmurs ſpeak his praiſe,
And num'rous flocks that on the mountains graze.
The creeping reptile and the inſect ſmall,
Declare a God the Maker of them all.
The glorious ſun that ſhines with rays ſo bright,
Proclaims a fountain of eternal light;
While moon and ſtars do in their courſes join,
To ſpeak their glorious Maker all divine.
But man endow'd with an immortal mind,
His Maker's image and for heav'n deſign'd;
To grateful notes his raptur'd voice ſhould raiſe,
And chant ſublimer hymns to his Creator's praiſe.
Thy name Oh God ſhall dwell upon my tongue,
Thy love ſhall be the ſubject of my ſong;
Delightful taſk! Oh may I ever ſing,
Triumphant hymns to heav'n's eternal King.

Father of light, exhauſtleſs ſource of good,
Supreme, eternal, ſelf-exiſting God;
All thy perfections, Lord I would adore,
And praiſe thy name 'till time ſhall be no more.

A heart conſcious of its coldneſs, deſiring to love GOD.

HOW ſtupid is this heart of mine!
How little pleas'd with things divine!
How apt to dwell on trifling toys!
And to forget ſuperior joys.
My God! my God! how can I be
Unmindful of myſelf and thee?
So cold's my heart and ſtupid grown;
Methinks 'tis like the marble ſtone.
Oh that thy love might warm my heart;
Break, break this ſtone in ev'ry part;
Can I forget ſuch love as thine?
Oh! fill my heart with love divine.
Oh! that my thoughts may take their flight,
To Calvary, and ſee that ſight.
'Twas there he bled and dy'd! Oh 'twas for me
The bleſſed Jeſus hung upon the tree.
For me he bled! for me he groan'd and dy'd;
'Twas for my ſins that Chriſt was crucify'd.
Oh can I ever then forgetful prove?

Can

Can I forget ſuch great, ſuch wond'rous love?
Sure grateful praiſes from my heart ſhould flow;
Sure gratitude and love, to thee I owe;
Oh may my ſoul by love conſtrained be,
To praiſe God here and thro' eternity.

On the BIBLE.

THE Bible ſure's a glorious treaſure,
Where's reveal'd God's will and pleaſure,
And ſure it is a golden mine,
The more we dig the more 'twill ſhine.
It is a bleſſing we ſhould prize,
Which has been hidden from the wiſe.
In nature's gloom we might forever grope,
Without one cheering ray of joy or hope;
Had not this beſt of gifts to us been giv'n,
We ne'er could find the path that leads to heav'n.
By this we learn that God did make this earth,
And that he gave to ev'ry creature birth,
In God's own image man at firſt was made,
And he was happy while he God obey'd.
But ſin, that dreadful evil ſoon began,
Diſhonor'd God and ruin'd wretched man;
Almighty God in love then promiſed,
The woman's ſeed ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head,
This glorious promiſe he did ſince fulfil,

I come ſays Chriſt, to do my father's will.
Behold what wond'rous love to us made known,
The bleſſed Jeſus he has left his throne,
'Twas for our ſins that Chriſt the Saviour dy'd,
Thro' faith in him we now are juſtify'd.
What tongue won't praiſe? What heart will not adore?
Such love as this was never known before.
Sure gratitude and love to God we owe;
A greater mercy he could not beſtow;
Oh may we prize theſe truths and feel their pow'r;
They'll prove a cordial in the dying hour.

o——————o

On RELIGION.

RELIGION, Oh thou guide to happineſs!
Thy noble pleaſures who would not poſſeſs?
Religion ſure's a ſource of pureſt joy,
Which neither time, nor death can e'er deſtroy.
Embrace it then in ev'ry part,
Give God no leſs than all your heart;
When troubles diſcompoſe your breaſt,
How happy then on God to reſt!
His preſence ſhall your cares beguile,
The little world within ſhall ſmile;
And when the cloſing ſcenes prevail,

And fleſh and heart they both ſhall fail:
At that important hour of need,
Religion proves a friend indeed.
Sure faith ſhall ſmooth thy dying bed,
And hope ſuſtain thy drooping head,
And when the painful ſtruggle's o'er,
You then ſhall reach the bliſsful ſhore;
On wings of love you'll ſoar away,
To rapture, and eternal day.

On the incarnation of CHRIST.

OF all the wonders in the world's wide ſtore,
Here is the greateſt! Oh my ſoul adore!
That Chriſt for us, incarnate ſhould become;
He for poor ſinners left his native home.
Surpriſing love! 'twas for us he was born,
In a poor ſtable, wretched and forlorn;
Among brute beaſts, he took his firſt abode;
Amazing condeſcenſion of a God!
But though ſo mean, ſo wretched was his birth,
Yet angels ſung his welcome here on earth;
Glory to God they ſung, in higheſt ſtrains,
Now peace on earth, and mercy, mercy reigns!
Though void of pomp, and earthly grandeur here,
Yet heav'nly majeſty did then appear,
The ſhepherds they were fill'd with glad ſurprize,
When the ſweet babe did bleſs their longing eyes.

Oh

Oh 'twas for us! the bleſſed Jeſus came
Into this world of ſin, of grief, and pain;
For us he liv'd, for us he wonders wrought,
Which do exceed the bounds of human thought.
For us he toil'd, for us he groan'd and dy'd;
'Twas for our ſins that Chriſt was crucify'd.
What tongue won't praiſe? What heart will not adore?
Such love as this was never known before.
Oh may I praiſe thee while I being have;
May theſe lines praiſe thee when I'm in my grave;
Oh may I praiſe thee in the world above,
Oh may I ever ſing redeeming love.

On redeeming LOVE.

ASSIST me all ye heav'nly pow'rs above,
While I attempt to ſing redeeming love;
Oh boundleſs love! no wonder angels pry,
Into this glorious, glorious myſtery.
When angels ſinn'd, they were caſt out of heav'n,
Without a ray of hope to be forgiv'n;
But man he fell, and God in mercy mild,
Reveal'd a way by which we're reconcil'd.
He ſent his Son to die that we might live,
And for our ranſom Chriſt his life did give;

Oh

Oh glorious gift! ſay who will it receive?
'Tis your's, 'tis mine, 'tis their's that will believe.
Oh wond'rous love! that Chriſt for man ſhould die,
That *law* and *juſtice* he ſhould ſatisfy;
God can be juſt, and ſinners juſtify,
If they thro' faith in Chriſt, to him apply.
Come unto me the bleſſed Saviour ſaith,
Come unto me with hope, with love, and faith;
All ye that labour, and with ſin are preſs'd,
Come unto me, and I will give you reſt.
Oh bleſſed reſt! how happy muſt they be!
That do receive this gift, ſo rich and free;
Oh boundleſs mercy! may we it embrace,
Love, without end, and without meaſure, grace.

The happineſs of being intereſted in CHRIST.

IF Chriſt be ours, if in him we are found,
We ſure have all things, and we ſhall abound;
If Chriſt be ours, we're happy, live or die,
And ſhall be bleſſed thro' eternity.
Oh noble portion! for a heaven-born ſoul!
This will endure when ages ceaſe to roll;
In him all fulneſs will forever dwell,
His boundleſs love, Oh, who can ever tell?

He

He is a door, Oh who will enter in?
Behold his lovely paſture freſh and green;
His ſheep ſhall enter there, there they ſhall feed,
He will ſupply their ev'ry, ev'ry need.
He's a good Shepherd, and he leads his flock,
Unto the covert of ſome ſhady rock,
By cooling ſtreams, he will allay their thirſt,
Oh happy ſouls who in his goodneſs truſt;
He is the beſt, the ſafeſt, ſureſt way,
If in his path we walk, we ſhall not ſtray;
See his bright beams, they do extend thus far,
He is the fair, and glorious Morning-Star.
None with this lovely Jeſus can compare,
He's Sharon's roſe, and like the lilly fair;
He is the glorious ſun of righteouſneſs:
His cheering rays ſhall ev'ry nation bleſs.

A cry for MERCY.

JESUS, friend of ſinners, hear,
Lord of mercy now appear;
Take, Oh take me for thine own,
In my heart erect thy throne.
I am vile and full of ſin,
Guilt and wretchedneſs within;
Now my wants do make me plead,
Lord thy mercy ſure I need;
Lord thy love and pity grant,

Jeſus

Jeſus now I feel my want;
Thou canſt help, and none but thee,
Bleſſed Jeſus pity me.
Lord ſubdue my ſinful heart,
Cleanſe my ſoul in ev'ry part,
From vain thoughts deliver me,
Bleſſed Jeſus ſet me free.
Then I ſhall in God rejoice;
Tuneful notes employ my voice,
Then I'll praiſe my heav'nly King,
Joining thoſe who glory ſing.
Yes, I'll praiſe him while I've breath,
Ceaſeleſs praiſe ſhall ſound in death.
Then I'll join in worlds above,
Join to ſing Redeeming love.

CHRIST'S *advice when on earth.*

THUS ſpake the dear Redeemer of the bleſt,
Let not an anxious care diſturb your reſt,
For food and raiment are inferior things,
And there's a ſource whence ev'ry bleſſing ſprings.
Behold the fowls that fly in yonder air,
Store-houſe nor barn they neither do prepare,
They neither ſow, nor reap, but Oh how good!
Your heav'nly Father, he provides them food.

Are

Are ye not better, better much than they?
And will your gains, your thoughtfulneſs repay?
Wherefore ſhould thought for raiment, trouble yield?
Behold the lillies of the verdant field!
Death at a time does come we're not aware,
Of vaſt importance, 'tis for to prepare;
Strong is the tyrant's arm, he'll lay us low,
And ſure his aim, we can't elude the blow.
Sometimes like lightning his ſwift arrows fly,
And kill us in the twinkling of an eye.
We cannot gueſs who'll next the victim be,
But Oh, we all may ſay, perhaps 'tis me.
Important thought! we all muſt ſhortly die,
And launch into a vaſt eternity;
Life is the time, Oh may we it improve,
To get an intereſt in redeeming love.

A Prayer for SANCTIFICATION.

GREAT God in mercy, now incline thine ear,
And the petition of a ſinner hear,
Grant my requeſt, O let me ever be
Empty'd of ſelf and ever fill'd with *thee.*
I long to take my place, down at thy feet,
Oh, may I there thy grace and mercy meet;
Look down O Lord, with pity's ſofteſt eye,

Let

Let not thy mercy paſs a ſinner by.
There is a fountain open'd for my ſin,
Oh in that fountain wilt thou waſh me clean;
Oh purge my ſoul from ſin, waſh out the ſtain,
Cleanſe me from ſinful thoughts and all that's vain.
Unto thy will may I conformed be,
Oh may I love thee thro' eternity;
May I adore thy wond'rous, boundleſs love,
Oh may I praiſe thee in the worlds above.

To the name of JESUS.

OH Jeſus, my Saviour, I love thy ſweet name;
What harmony dwells in the ſound;
Not all earthly pleaſures contentment can give;
But in thee is this happineſs found.
Chiefeſt of ten thouſands thou art to my ſoul,
No joy like that of believing;
Thou righteouſneſs and peace doſt freely impart,
To comfort the ſoul that was grieving.
When in darkneſs we ſit, when in ſadneſs we mourn,
Thou a light can enlighten our eyes,
Diſpel all our doubts and caſt out our fears,
And cauſe the day-ſtar to ariſe.
If roſes can charm us and lillies can cheer,

How

How lovely muſt Jeſus the Saviour appear!
In whom Sharon's lilly we meet.
No other foundation can any man lay,
Than that which by Jeſus is laid;
On this rock of ages, our hope being built,
We ſhall ne'er be by trouble diſmay'd.
How pleaſing the proſpect! how ſolid the joy!
When our hopes are well grounded and ſure,
Unlike the falſe pleaſures of which the world boaſt,
Theſe joys will not wither, but ever endure.

On the importance of improving TIME.

AH thoughtleſs, thoughtleſs mortals that we are!
Who vainly think we've time enough to ſpare;
Time is a talent that won't always laſt,
And we can ne'er recal that which is paſt.
Time flies with ſwifteſt wing, it ſpeeds its flight,
And ſoon 'twill bid the careleſs world good night;
Our days are ſwifter than the ſwifteſt poſt,
And of to-morrow we can never boaſt.
Oh time is ſhort, and on it there depends
A long eternity that never ends;
Oh ſolemn thought! a long eternity!
Improve the paſſing moments as they fly;

Improve them now while in your youthful bloom,
You ſhortly muſt deſcend into the tomb.
Death with his ſcythe will crop the faireſt flow'r,
And all its beauty withers in an hour;
On a long life we never ſhould depend,
But Oh, our aim ſhould be to make a happy end.

Filial love and obedience.

CHILDREN obey your parents in the Lord,
For this is right and pleaſing is to God;
Honor thy father and thy mother dear,
This is the firſt command with promiſe here.
So that it always may be well with thee,
And that on earth thou many days may'ſt ſee.
Parents to children tender be and kind,
See that you well inſtruct the youthful mind.
Servants your maſters evermore obey,
And from the path of duty never ſtray;
Not with eye-ſervice as men-pleaſers do,
But always keep the glorious God in view.
Maſters your ſervants ever treat with love,
Remember you a maſter have above.
God no reſpecter is of perſons here,
He loves all thoſe that love and do him fear.

A hymn of PRAISE.

OH thou my ſoul in God rejoice,
Thy Maker's praiſe becomes thy voice,

Great

Great is my theme, I can't expreſs,
His goodneſs and his righteouſneſs.
Great is our God, his works declare,
None with this being can compare,
'Twas by his power this world was made,
'Twas he, the earth's foundation laid.
Not only earth, the ſea does prove,
A token of his wond'rous love;
Amazing pow'r! Oh grand deſign!
What love thro' all his works do ſhine!
Oh boundleſs goodneſs! matchleſs pow'r!
What bleſſings God on man does ſhow'r!
Where'er we turn our wondering eyes,
Our ſouls are fill'd with glad ſurprize.

GOD *praiſed by all creation.*

"THE glory of my Maker God,
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills."
I'll praiſe his name while I have breath,
Oh thou my ſoul adore;
I'll praiſe his great, his glorious name;
Oh praiſe him evermore.
Angels adore, and ſeraphs ſing
The praiſes of our God,
Shout to his name ye ſons of men,

And

And ſpeak his love abroad.
Let rocks and hills, and murmuring rills,
His goodneſs all proclaim.
Let fields and trees, and briny ſeas,
Speak his adored name.
Let ſun and moon, and twinkling ſtars,
Praiſe him with brighteſt rays;
Birds of the air in ſweeteſt notes,
Come ſing your Maker's praiſe.
Oh for a heart to praiſe my God,
I long to love him more;
Oh may my ſoul with praiſe be fill'd,
And all my powers adore.

Praiſe to GOD.

MY ſoul rejoice in God,
Let praiſe my tongue employ;
I'll praiſe his great and glorious name
In ſtrains of nobleſt joy.
Jeſus ſhall wear the crown,
'Twill flouriſh evermore;
Around his throne ſhall angels bow,
And ſeraphim adore.
Praiſe him in nobleſt ſtrains,
Ye nations of the earth:
Oh praiſe that great and glorious God,

That

That gave all nature birth.
I long to ſoar aloft,
Above this world of ſin,
And from the rivers of his love,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.
I long to be like God,
So holy and ſo pure;
I long to taſte thoſe bliſsful joys
That ever ſhall endure.

The ſoul encouraged from a glimpſe of Glory.

NOT eye hath ſeen, nor mortal ear hath heard
What for the ſaints almighty God's prepar'd;
At his right hand are pleaſures evermore,
He is a ſea of love without a ſhore.
Oh happy ſouls that ſhall arrive to this,
High in ſalvation and the climes of bliſs.
What ſacred pleaſure, what unknown delight,
To dwell forever in God's bliſsful ſight!
A weight of glory ſo exceeding great,
Th' immortal ſoul muſt ſurely animate.
What glorious happineſs will there abound!
Rivers of life and pleaſure there are found.
With grateful anthems thoſe bleſt realms ſhall ring,
To praiſe the name of Chriſt our heav'nly King;
Loud hallelujahs ſhall all tongues employ,
All drink the fulneſs of eternal joy.

A welcome to the LORD'S-DAY.

WELCOME ſweet emblem of eternal reſt!
Oh may I prize thee moſt and love thee beſt;
Of all the days thou art the nobleſt far,
'Twas on this day aroſe the Morning-Star.
Welcome ſweet day of reſt! to mortals giv'n,
Now is the time for to prepare for heav'n,
Now is the time to hear the joyful ſound,
Glad tidings of good things do now abound.
Ambaſſadors from heaven this day do ſpeak;
The loſt and ruin'd ſinners they do ſeek;
How beauteous are their feet? how lovely is their voice?
Accept their offers now, and make a happy choice.
Pardon, and peace, they to the world proclaim,
To thoſe that love, and fear Jehovah's name;
Repent, return, accept the offer'd grace,
And Chriſt you'll find is a ſure hiding-place.

On the hidings of GOD'S *face.*

WHEN God does hide his face,
My ſoul with anguiſh torn,
Tho' all around creation ſmiles,
Yet ſtill I can but mourn.

Oh

Oh for a ſmile of love!
To cheer this gloomy heart,
When ſhall I ſee thy lovely face,
And meet no more to part!
I long to be conform'd,
To thy moſt holy will,
Oh may thy rod and ſtaff me lead,
That I may fear no ill.
Oh lead me to that rock,
That higher is than I,
Oh! may I drink thoſe living ſtreams,
That never, never dry.

On the vanity of earthly Joys.

OBSERVE yonder rainbow, how brillant and gay,
Its colours they charm us, but ſoon fade away;
Such, ſuch are the joys of which the world boaſt,
Tho' eager we graſp them, they quickly are loſt.
How vain and how fleeting is all earthly joy,
And in the poſſeſſion does oftentimes cloy;
The pleaſures of this life were never deſign'd
To fill up the *vacuum* there is in the mind;
A ſomething ſuperior, we then muſt purſue,
The joys of religion are laſting and true;
Sublime are its pleaſures, and ſolid its joys,

A happineſs this which nothing deſtroys,
Wiſdom's ways they are pleaſant, her paths they're peace,
Unfading her pleaſures, they never will ceaſe.
Oh pleaſing the thought! her ways they will tend
To unceaſing pleaſures, and joys without end.
Delightful reflection! Oh permanent bliſs!
No earthly enjoyment is comparable to this.
The fear of the Lord is wiſdom indeed,
The joys of religion all joys do exceed.

An inquiry after HAPPINESS.

TELL me, kind friend, whence joys ariſe,
Is there true bliſs below the ſkies?
Can wiſdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchaſe them when found?
Wiſe Solomon did oft complain,
That all was fleeting, falſe and vain;
Dark gloomy clouds obſcur'd his day,
And where is happineſs we ſay?
Alas! what num'rous ills await,
Our infant and meridian ſtate;
Vain toys our youthful thoughts engage,
Too trifling at maturer age.
How vain, too vainly ſure we act our part,
Sure vanity's in ev'ry human heart;

In

In the child's breaſt has vanity began,
Grows with his growth, and is matur'd in man.
But where is happineſs? Where ſhall we find
That which will ſatisfy th' immortal mind?
Sure the gay ſcenes of diſſipation ſeem
To tell us happineſs is but a dream;
But never, never let th' inquiry ceaſe,
Sure wiſdom tells us, wiſdom's ways are peace;
Religion, ſolid happineſs will bring,
Diſarm our griefs, or blunt their ev'ry ſting.

On the vanity of PRIDE *in dreſs.*

HOW vain muſt be that heart, how weak that mind,
That is to gaiety and dreſs confin'd?
Tho' cloth'd in purple, and in linen fine,
The lovely flow'rs in beauty us outſhine.
Not Solomon in glory could compare,
To nature's wardrobe, elegant and fair.
What lovely tints! what rich and beauteous dies!
The richeſt ſilks, the lovely flow'r outvies.
Vain are the minds of thoſe who make their boaſt
Of ſhort-liv'd riches, that the ſilk-worm loſt;
Oh poor, contemptible, and grovling taſte,

That

That on ſuch vanities the thoughts do waſte.
If nobler ornaments you wiſh to find,
With ſweet humility adorn your mind;
The beauties of the mind are truly great,
They're not dependant on a large eſtate.
Under poor garments more true worth may be,
Than under richeſt robes ſometimes we ſee;
Wiſdom and virtue they will always ſhine,
True piety and love will make you all divine.

On CHARITY. 1 Cor. xiii.

ALTHO' I ſpeak like angels, or like men,
Without a heart of love, 'tis all in vain,
Unleſs I've Charity, I ſhall be found,
Like ſounding braſs, or cymbal's empty ſound.
Although I have the gift of prophecy,
And knowledge have of ev'ry myſtery.
Altho' I'd faith that mountains I could move,
Yet all is nothing, nothing without love.
Tho' I beſtow my goods to feed the poor,
And never turn the needy from my door;
Altho' my body it ſhould burned be,
Yet all is nothing without Charity.
Charity, long-ſuffering is, and kind,
It envieth not, nor puffeth up the mind.
Behaveth well, and ſeeketh not her own,

Nor

Nor to think evil is it ever prone.
Rejoiceth not in bold iniquity,
But in the truth doth joy continually;
Beareth all things, believeth all things ſure;
Hopeth all things, all it does endure;
Charity ſhall never fail, it ſhall remain,
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, and knowledge be in vain.
We know in part, in part we prophecy,
This ſhall be done away and we know perfectly:
And now abideth faith, hope, charity,
And Love the greateſt is, of all the three.

On GRATITUDE.

WHAT ſweet ſenſations fill the grateful mind,
All—all is juſt, and generous and kind;
A moſt exalted principle, moſt ſure,
It is diſintereſted and moſt pure.
When gratitude the human breaſt does fire,
What ſoft emotions does it then inſpire?
Parent of good, from thee, from thee it came,
O may I cheriſh now this heav'n-born flame.
Sweet temper this! Oh may it actuate
This heart of mine, Oh may it animate
Th' immortal mind, Oh may it now ariſe

To

To praiſe the glorious ſov'reign of the ſkies.
What love and gratitude to God we owe,
For all thoſe mercies that he does beſtow!
Unnumber'd bleſſings he to man does give;
This is his gift, the air in which we live.
In him we live, and move, and being have,
All we enjoy is what his goodneſs gave;
Oh that all hearts with gratitude might move,
To ſpeak his goodneſs, and proclaim his love.

On the vanity of BEAUTY.

HOW vain is beauty! ſoon it does decay,
Juſt like a flow'r it fades and falls away;
The fair, and young, when in their fulleſt bloom,
Are often call'd unto the ſilent tomb.
How ſoon, alas, life's beauteous bloſſoms fade!
Soon! ſoon, its lovely roſes are decay'd;
Sickneſs oft clouds the bright, and ſparkling eye,
And ſoon its brilliant beauties quickly die.
Altho' the roſe and lilly both combine,
To make the faireſt countenance to ſhine,
Yet lillies languiſh, and the roſes fade,
And in the duſt they all muſt ſoon be laid,
But virtue's charms, they always will endear,
When all theſe beauties fade and diſappear;
Religion that adorns the human mind,

It

It makes us courteous, affable, and kind.
'Tis far ſuperior to theſe tranſient toys;
Religion is a ſource of pureſt joys;
Sublime its pleaſures, ever they endure,
Sweet are its joys and its rewards are ſure.

o——————o

Addreſs to SPRING.

HAIL! thou blooming beauteous ſpring!
Come with pleaſure's ſpreading wing;
Welcome, welcome lovely May,
Clad in nature's green ſo gay.
Now the verdant fields invite
Us to pleaſure and delight;
Now the buds expanding grow,
Now the fragrant bloſſoms blow.
See the flow'rs with beauty riſe,
Form'd to captivate our eyes;
Pleaſing proſpects now appear,
'Tis the morning of the year.
Now the lovely birds do ſing,
To uſher in the blooming ſpring,
Nature now does all conſpire,
To fill the grateful heart with fire.
Who can paint like nature gay?
None but nature's God I ſay;
This glorious Being may we all adore,
When all theſe beauties fade and are no more.

Thoughts on SPRING.

HOW delightful is this ſeaſon!
All around is fair and gay;
O what odours now regale us!
'Tis the fragrance of ſweet May.
Now the lovely buds expanding,
Now the fragrant bloſſoms blow;
All around us, nature's blooming,
Mark its beauties as they grow.
See the verdant fields around us,
Clad in nature's green ſo gay;
Hear the beauteous birds a ſinging,
Pleas'd they hop from ſpray to ſpray.
Oh how charming! Oh how lovely
All creation does appear!
O what wiſdom! O what goodneſs
Shines through each revolving year!
Let attention turn wherever,
We are ſtruck with ſweet ſurpriſe;
In ev'ry object we diſcover
Beauty upon beauty riſe.

Thoughts on a FLOWER-GARDEN.

OH who can paint like nature fair and gay?
Who can ſuch colours, with ſuch art diſplay!
A lovely red ſtands bluſhing in the roſe,
Sure beauty blooms in ev'ry bud that blows.

The

The raviſh'd eye looks round and wonders here,
Creation's charms moſt beautiful appear;
The livelieſt verdure now the fields array,
The flow'rs appear moſt elegant and gay.
The lovely flow'rs their fragrant ſcents diſcloſe,
God's wiſdom ſhines in ev'ry bud that blows.
O that I now might trace the pleaſing road,
That leads from nature up to nature's God.
Theſe are thy works, moſt beautiful and fair,
The niceſt ſtrokes of art with theſe cannot compare;
Attentively obſerve this beauteous flow'r,
Its tints diſplay the great Creator's pow'r.
Thy works ſo glorious! then how great art thou?
Before thy throne both ſaints and angels bow;
But Oh, theſe flow'ry nations muſt decay,
Their beauties fade, and vaniſh quite away.
Theſe ſhort-liv'd beauties, they a leſſon teach;
The blooming garden, that methinks does preach,
It teaches us in beauty not to truſt,
Like thoſe fair flow'rs, we muſt return to duſt.

An adieu to the VERNAL SEASONS.

FAREWELL ye vernal months, a change appears,
And nature now a diff'rent aſpect wears;

Spring

Spring, ſummer, autumn, now are fled and gone,
And dreary winter with her ſnow comes on.
The beauteous bloſſom and the budding roſe,
No longer will their fragrant ſcents diſcloſe;
The verdant fields are ſtript of their gay green,
And on the trees the fruit's no longer ſeen.
Ah, great's the change! but let not man complain,
Hail, froſt, and ſnow, were never ſent in vain;
In coldeſt ſeaſons, ſure God's goodneſs warms,
And Oh, his power's diſplay'd in wintry ſtorms;
At his command, the ſnow the fields adorn,
And kindly prove a garment for the corn;
How fair! how clear! how dazzling to the ſight!
All now appears one ſhining waſte of white.
Sure every ſeaſon is with beauty fraught,
The great Creator ev'ry change hath wrought;
Glorious his works, and juſt are all his ways,
And Oh, his love demands our higheſt praiſe.

On WINTER.

NOW dreary winter has begun her reign,
Her ſnows and ſtorms nowdeſolate the plain;
Where all was fair, moſt beautiful and green,
Nothing but heaps of ſnow can now be ſeen.
In vain we now may turn our longing eyes,
In vain we wiſh to ſee freſh verdure riſe.

The

The earth around is held in icy chains,
And winter now her wond'rous pow'r maintains.
At God's command, bleak wintry winds do blow,
The rain deſcends, or ſcattering ſhreds of ſnow;
God's ſov'reign pow'r and wiſdom are diſplay'd,
When all the earth is under fetters laid.
Ev'n ſavage Indians, whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and in the ſtormy wind.
Much more may we, by revelation taught,
See that great God, that ev'ry change hath wrought.
The ſnow reminds me of the hoary head
That will o'ertake us when our youth is fled;
All things in ſeaſon beautiful appear,
So does the head that hoary honors wear;
If in the way of righteouſneſs 'tis found,
'Twill be with glory and with honor crown'd.
If well you have improv'd the ſeaſons paſt,
You need not grieve that winter's come at laſt;
Your winter here will very ſhortly end,
Above this world your ev'ry thought ſhould tend.
No fears and griefs your joys ſhall then conſume,
But one unbounded ſpring forever, ever bloom.

On the MORNING.

SEE the glorious morning! how bright it appears,

Awaken your joys, and baniſh your fears,
Come ſhake off dull ſloth, and let us ariſe,
The radiant ſun has illumin'd the ſkies.
How bright are its ſplendors! how cheering, how gay!
Delightful's the fragrance in the morning of May;
The birds are all ſinging, their notes are all joy,
Sure gratitude now all our thoughts ſhouldemploy.
How kind is that God who ſafely us kept,
He that has watch'd over us while we have ſlept,
'Tis he that has wak'd us to ſee the glad morn,
The ſun's glorious rays now the hills do adorn.
How delightful to rove along the gay green,
To taſte all the ſweets of the flowery ſcene;
The flow'rs and the bloſſoms their fragrance diſcloſe,
Oh may they remind us of Sharon's ſweet Roſe.
Sure nature's a book, Oh that ev'ry page,
Our mind and attention may always engage;
Delightful to read ſuch leſſons as theſe,
They always will profit, they always will pleaſe.
That God is moſt glorious, his works all declare;
All nature bears witneſs, both earth, ſea and air.
Oh for an eye to diſcern, an heart to adore!
A tongue for to praiſe him! and that evermore.

On the riſing SUN.

YONDER, yonder, glorious ſun,
Already has its race begun;
See its beauteous beams ariſe,
Its bright ſplendors fill the ſkies.
Now my ſoul look up and view
God's great pow'r and goodneſs too;
To illuminate the earth,
Its Creator gave it birth.
Oh the wond'rous pow'r of God!
Who made nature with a word;
Be there light, Jehovah ſaid,
Then 'twas inſtantly obey'd.
O how pleaſant is this light,
That brings ſuch beauties t' our ſight!
The ſun irradiates our ſphere,
Hidden beauties now appear.
Now the darkſome night is gone,
Now appears the roſy morn;
How delightful to behold
Th' glorious ſun as bright as gold!
O how cheering are its rays!
Its Creator let us praiſe.

On the EVENING.

HOW calm is the evening, how bright and how clear!

What

What wonderful glories around us appear !
The moon ſhines with beauteous, altho' borrow'd rays,
What wonders engage us wherever we gaze !
The ſtars as they twinkle our attention invite,
And ſtill their new beauties do pour on our ſight ;
Sure theſe are thy works, thou parent of good !
But little, Oh little, are they underſtood.
The radiant heav'ns thy glory declare,
With the great Jehovah there's none can compare;
The firmament ſheweth his power and his love,
Oh may they excite us for to ſoar above.
Is his footſtool thus glorious ! how bright is his throne ?
Sure man can't conceive, it is not to him known ;
We ſhort-ſighted mortals can never deſcry
Thoſe wonderful glories above us they lye.
Yet thanks to God, that the immortal mind,
Unto this lower world is not confin'd ;
" The ſoul of man was made to walk the ſkies ;
" And on the wings of contemplation riſe."

A ſong of praiſe to GOD.

PRAISE God ye arched heav'ns above,
Proclaim his glory and his love ;
Praiſe him ye angels, praiſe his name,
Ye heav'nly hoſts, all join the ſtrain.

Praiſe

Praiſe him ye ſun and moon, with rays ſo bright,
Praiſe, praiſe him all ye glittering ſtars of light;
Praiſe him ye heav'n of heav'ns ſo high,
Praiſe him ye waters plac'd above the ſky.
Oh praiſe the Lord, all ye who dwell on earth,
Ye dragons and all deeps, he gave you birth;
Fire, hail and ſnow, and drops of pearly dew,
Ye ſtormy winds and miſty vapours too.
Mountains and hills, both great and ſmall,
Ye fruitful trees, and cedars tall;
Beaſts and all cattle, creeping things,
And ev'ry creature that has wings.
Princes and kings of noble birth,
And all ye people of the earth.
Both men and maidens, old and young,
O ſound his praiſe from ev'ry tongue.
His name is excellent, 'tis great indeed,
His worthy name all praiſes do exceed;
His glory fills the earth, and heav'ns above,
Sure all creation does proclaim his love.

An addreſs to SLEEP.

WELCOME ſweet ſleep, come cloſe my weary eyes,
I'll turn aſide from earthly vanities;
Fain would I now indulge to ſoft repoſe,

Come

Come with your poppies, now my eyelids close,
O ſweet reſtorative, 'tis nature's balm,
Come with thy aid, my agitation calm ;
How kind is God, who ſafely us does keep,
While he does give to his beloved, ſleep.
Sleep is an emblem ſure of ſilent death,
May it remind us of our ceaſing breath ;
But thoſe that ſleep in Chriſt, he will awake,
And of his glory they will all partake.
O happy ſouls that will awake to praiſe
A God moſt glorious in his works and ways !
Loud hallelujahs ſhall their tongues employ,
They'll wake to ſcenes of everlaſting joy.

Night Thoughts.

ALL things are huſh'd, as nature's ſelf lay dead,
The air around with darkneſs now is ſpread ;
Serene and ſolemn is the face of things,
Important leſſons to my mind it brings.
The time draws nigh, the ſolemn night of death ;
Soon, ſoon I muſt reſign my fleeting breath ;
This ſilent ſeaſon and the midnight gloom ;
May they remind me of the darkſome tomb.
In the cold grave to lie, we ſhortly muſt,
Darkneſs our curtain, and our bed the duſt,

Oh

Oh humbling thought! to think our crumbling bones;
Muſt lie where kings and ſlaves have equal thrones.
In theſe dark caverns muſt we always lye?
Were that the caſe, how awful 'twere to die!
But Oh think on that glorious riſing day,
Almighty pow'r ſhall then reanimate thy clay.
Fear not, thou faithful chriſtian to deſcend
Into the tomb, thy ſorrows there will end;
Thy Saviour ſweet'ned has that bed of duſt,
Commit thy ſleeping relics to his truſt.
On angels' wings thy ſoul ſhall ſoar above,
There all is joy and harmony and love;
Nothing ſhall enter to diſturb thy peace,
While God is there, thy joys can never ceaſe.
Cheer up your hearts, ye drooping chriſtians come,
Anticipate your much-lov'd bliſsful home;
While God is God, you ſure muſt happy be,
And ſhall be bleſſed thro' eternity.

On the fragrance of the MORNING.

SWEET is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet;
What lovely odours now my ſenſes meet;

The

The air around is all a ſweet perfume,
A gale of fragrance breathes in nature's bloom.
The verdant fields their beauties now diſplay,
The flow'rs appear moſt elegant and gay;
Now the fair morning ſhines, the lovely roſe
Already now her fragrant ſcents diſcloſe.
Delightful now to rove among the flow'rs,
And taſte the ſweetneſs of the early hours;
The pearly dews now twinkle o'er the green,
In a few hours the ſun will change the ſcene.
Beauty is tranſient, ſoon it does decay,
The faireſt flow'rs ſoon fade and die away;
This teaches us that morning is the time,
O may we prize it in our youthful prime!
May we improve it for the nobleſt end,
Above this world our ev'ry thought ſhould tend;
O then no ſtorms of trouble can deſtroy
"The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt joy."

Evening Thoughts.

THE radiant globe now hides his head in ſhades,
And darkneſs now our hemiſphere pervades,
Who is there now can vain and trifling be?
When all around is ſweet ſolemnity.
Now is the time to know thyſelf, my friend,

And

And to this *ſcience*, now your thoughts ſhould tend,
Calmly inquire if truly you can ſay,
In duties path I've well improv'd the day.
Self-approbation is a happy thing,
Subſtantial pleaſures with it, it does bring;
But if our hearts condemn us, what can pleaſe?
God's greater than our hearts and all things ſees.
Think now my friend, that God's all-ſeeing eyes,
The inmoſt ſecrets of thy ſoul deſcries;
Darkneſs and light, to God are both the ſame,
Great is our God, adored be his name.

On FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, thou nobleſt pleaſure of the mind;
Benevolence and love in thee are join'd;
Sublime thy joys, ſweet are thy ſtrongeſt ties;
Methinks they claim a kindred with the ſkies.
When preſſing ſorrows ſwell the heaving breaſt,
Thou wilt compoſe our aching hearts to reſt;
And when our pleaſing joys and comforts riſe,
Thou, a bright ſun, illuminates our ſkies.
A thouſand charms thy lovely preſence grace,
Firm as a rock of adamant's thy baſe;
True friendſhip, ever, ever will remain,

While life does laſt, its power it will maintain;
When virtuous ſouls in ſacred friendſhip join,
Methinks the ſocial bond is all divine.
Thro' changing ſcenes it will maintain its truſt,
It never is ungen'rous, or unjuſt.
That noble breaſt where honor builds its throne,
That breaſt which virtue warms and calls her own,
Ne'er warps to int'reſt nor by fears diſmay'd,
When danger frowns, or pity calls for aid.
No, the true friend with noble courage ſtands,
Fearleſs her heart, and active are her hands.
Tho' int'reſt plead, tho' ſtormy troubles riſe,
The virtuous friend ſtands by you 'till he dies.

An ACROSTIC *on a friend.*

MAY friendſhip's noble bond our hearts unite;
In ev'ry ſcene of life may this attend;
Such is the joy that nerves my hand to write,
Sweet happineſs! that I can call you friend.
Happy the hearts, where mutual love does reign,
And a deſire to ſoften ev'ry care,
No pleaſure like to mitigating pain,
No earthly pleaſure can with this compare.
A virtuous friend alleviates our grief;
He in diſtreſs affords us ſweet relief.

Not

*N*ot all the riches we on earth can find,
*E*ver can eaſe the troubles of the mind;
*W*hen on affliction's raging waves we roll,
E'en when diſtreſs affrights the trembling ſoul;
*L*et us confide in him who rules above,
*L*ove is his name, his nature too is love.

o——————o

The AUTHOR*'s addreſs to her young friends.*

MY dear young friends, come let us take a turn,
O'er wide creation, there we ſure may learn;
To know that God, that made all things ſo fair,
None with this Being ever can compare.
Into the blooming garden let us go,
See wiſdom ſhines in all the flow'rs that blow;
Theſe are the works of God, he made them all,
The meaneſt ſhrub as well as cedar tall.
Let's view the rocks and hills, we there ſhall find
Benevolence and pow'r together join'd;
Behold the fields and trees, how fair, how green,
In ev'ry object, ſure a God is ſeen.
There's not an herb or plant, but ſhews God's pow'r,
He gives the beauty, to each blooming flow'r;
Yes, ſure 'tis God that made all things ſo fair,
None with this glorious Being can compare;
He is an object worthy of our love,
Be God adored here, and in the worlds above.

DAVID'S

DAVID's *victory over Goliah.*

HOW ſtrong's the pow'r of faith,
And confidence in God!
David a bright example is
Of thoſe that truſt the Lord.
When Iſrael challeng'd was,
Goliah for to fight,
The terror of this warrior's looks,
Did put them all to flight.
With bold and daring words,
God's armies he defy'd.
Give me a man to fight, ſaid he;
He armies did deride.
Then came the ſtripling forth,
The battle for to ſee,
But God deſign'd a nobler part,
Should by him acted be.
Young *David* he inquir'd,
What the reward would be,
To him that ſhould the giant ſlay,
And make his armies flee.
His brother's anger roſe,
I know thy pride ſaid he,
Why didſt thou leave thy father's ſheep,
The battle for to ſee.
Then *David* boldly ſpake,
Let no man be diſmay'd,

Thy

Thy ſervant he will fight with him,
Of him I'm not afraid.
Then *Saul* to *David* ſaid,
Thou canſt not ſurely go,
To fight with the *philiſtine* proud,
This great and dreadful foe.
Then ſpake this lovely youth,
I kept my father's ſheep,
There came a *Lion* and a *Bear*,
While I the flock did keep.
They ſtole a tender lamb,
But ſoon I ſeiz'd their prey;
I *ſlew* the lion and the bear,
And took the lamb away.
This giant bold and ſtout,
Shall under foot be trod,
Becauſe he has defied now,
The armies of our God.
God will me now preſerve
From this moſt frightful foe;
And *Saul* then *David* anſwered,
The Lord be with you, go.
Then *David* he adorn'd,
With all his armour bright;
With helmet and with coat of mail,
He dreſſed for the fight.
But ſoon he put them off,

I cannot go, ſays he,
With all this furniture of war,
They've not been prov'd by me.
Then *David* took his ſtaff,
And went unto a brook,
And from its lovely purling ſtream,
Five pebble-ſtones he took.
He put them in a bag,
His ſling was in his hand;
And now before this giant great,
The valiant youth did ſtand.
This warrior ſtout and ſtrong,
Young *David* did deſpiſe;
Againſt this lovely, blooming youth,
His anger did ariſe.
He curs'd him by his gods,
Am I a dog (ſaid he)
That with thy little worthleſs ſtaff,
Thou durſt encounter me!
I'll give thy fleſh for food,
To th' fowls of the air,
And ſoon thy carcaſe ſhall be thrown,
For birds and beaſts to tare.
Then boldly ſpake this youth,
Thou com'ſt with ſword and ſpear;
But in the name of Iſr'el's God,
I meet you without fear.

God

God will deliver thee
Into my hands this day,
And then thy head I will take off,
And caſt thy fleſh away.
That all the earth may know
In Iſ'el there's a God,
The bodies of your mighty hoſt,
Shall under foot be trod.
This giant he aroſe,
Young *David* he did meet;
But ſoon a little pebble-ſtone,
Did lay him at his feet.
Then when the ſtripling ſaw
His enemy was dead,
He took his ſword out of the ſheath,
And did cut off his head.
'Twas in almighty pow'r,
Young *David* did confide;
And now he triumphs over him
That once did him deride.
O feeble ſaints rejoice
That God is ſtill the ſame,
He is a great and glorious God,
Adored be his name.

To a young LADY *who was reproached for* RELIGION.

MY dear young friend, I muſt you now addreſs,
Friendſhip and love ſure can do nothing leſs;
I feel your griefs, I know they muſt be great,
A friend of yours, to me did them relate.
I pity you, yes from my very heart,
And gladly I would act a friendly part;
O truſt in God, and let him be your ſtrength,
And you ſhall ſee your foes ſubdu'd at length.
If for religion's ſake, reproach'd you are,
Happy are you, O may you not deſpair:
Tho' thoughtleſs ſinners chriſtians may deride,
Yet on their part ſure God is glorify'd.
O fly to Chriſt, and in him put your truſt,
He is a Saviour merciful and juſt;
If with him you ſuffer, with him you'll reign,
Let not diſtreſſing fears fill you with pain.
Preſs on, preſs on, in your Redeemer's ſtrength,
And grace ſhall ſure be perfected at length,
Altho' on earth we tribulation meet;
Yet, O in Chriſt there's peace and reſt moſt ſweet.

o——————o

On the PRESIDENT *of the United States.*

GREAT Waſhington, how truly great!
how grand!

His

His name enroll'd with heroes ſure muſt ſtand;
While liberty the human breaſt does fire,
The flame of love for him cannot expire.
In freedom's cauſe he boldly did ſtep forth,
And riſqu'd his valu'd life, and prov'd his worth;
Such worth as his, muſt always be admir'd,
A life like his will always be deſir'd.
Greatneſs and goodneſs, both in him combine,
To make his lovely character to ſhine;
Religion, that adorns his noble mind,
Benevolence and love in him are join'd.
Long may he live to taſte the ſweets of peace,
And with his days, O may his joys increaſe;
May heav'n's beſt bleſſings his exertions crown,
O may he reap the laurels of renown.
And when he quits the ſcene of action here,
Upon a nobler ſtage may he appear;
O may his happy ſoul to glory ſoar,
And ſing and praiſe when time ſhall be no more.

On the death of the Rev. Mr. THOMAS GAIR, *worthy Paſtor of the ſecond Baptiſt Church in Boſton, who died April* 27, 1790, *in the* 35*th year of his age.*

HOW can my trembling hand ſupport my pen,

While

While ſorrow mourns the lovelieſt, beſt of men!
The tears ſhall flow, can genuine ſorrow ſleep?
No, certainly, in ſtreams our eyes ſhall weep.
He's gone forever! Gair has took his flight
To yonder world of joy, of peace and light;
Gone to behold his Saviour and his God,
O! may we tread the bliſsful path he trod.
What tender feelings now all hearts muſt prove,
To part with him whom we did dearly love!
But O! the neareſt, deareſt friends muſt part—
Yes, certainly, I feel it at my heart.
Sure ſympathizing ſorrow now ſhould flow
In ſtreams as numerous as the various woe;
We mourn the huſband, and the parent dead,
The faithful friend, and the kind neighbour's fled;
The ſhepherd's taken from the tender flock,
O may we fly to Chriſt that living rock.
O bleſſed Gair! with ardour thou didſt preach,
You felt th' importance of what you did teach!
The good of ſouls that laid ſo near his heart,
That oftentimes 'twas very hard to part.
He did perſuade poor ſinners to attend,
And to conſider of their latter end;
He did to old and young, with plainneſs ſpeak.
As if not theirs, but them he fain would ſeek—
He felt the worth of ſouls—he knew 'twas great!
Who could more juſtly make the eſtimate?

Oh!

Oh! what perſuaſion on his lips has hung!
When ſacred truths came flowing from his tongue!
Careleſs and harden'd ſinners try'd to wake,
With earneſtneſs to them he often ſpake:
Urg'd them to fly to Chriſt in mercy's hour:
Oh happy ſouls, to whom it came in power!
Poor feeble Chriſtians he with care would lead,
To thoſe rich paſtures, where they'd ſafely feed:
To Jeſus Chriſt, he did us all invite,
To taſte the ſweetneſs of ſublime delight.
But Oh no more that heav'nly voice we hear—
He's dead and gone! that lovely bleſſed Gair!—
His tongue is ſilent—ſilent now in death,
But Oh, he well improv'd his living breath.
O may we recollect thoſe truths he ſpake;
O may his calls and warnings now awake
Thoſe that did ſlight them, while he did intreat.
Before God's bar we all muſt ſhortly meet;
And Oh how awful, awful it would be!
If to condemn us bleſſed Gair we ſee;
But Oh! the day of life's a day of grace,
All that return, ſhall ſee God's ſmiling face.
Oh how delightful! there with Gair to join—
Friendſhip and love will make us all divine.
Tho' nearer to the throne—our Gair he ſings;
Tho' we at humbler diſtance, ſtrike the ſtrings,

The

Th' according notes ſhall join th' amazing ſtrain!
The Lamb of God from earth's foundation ſlain!
Thus all ſhall mingle in the ſame employ—
All drink the fulneſs of eternal joy.

o————————o

Lines addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. B———,
on his firſt ſermon from Acts x. 29.

HAIL! bleſt Ambaſſador, you're welcome here,
To fill the place of worthy, bleſſed Gair;
Like Peter you was call'd, like him you came,
To ſpread the glorious, great Redeemer's name.
O that a like ſucceſs may you attend,
O may we all an ear attentive lend,
To thoſe important truths you may us teach;
O may our hearts be warm while you a Saviour preach.
O may you feed the lambs, and feed the ſheep,
Like a kind ſhepherd, while the flock you keep;
Oh might you ſend ſuch news as you have brought,
Of 'waken'd ſouls that aſk with anxious thought,
What ſhall we do, that we may ſaved be?
How ſhall we from eternal torments flee?
Oh, that the door of hope, you'd open wide,
Thro' faith in Chriſt, who once was crucify'd;
Oh that a harveſt you may gather here,
That for your crown and glory ſhall appear;

In

In that great day when God your deeds will own,
And ſit you down upon a glorious throne;
Oh happy ſouls! that ſhall attain to this,
High in ſalvation and the climes of bliſs;
Oh what a bleſt eternity you'll ſpend!
In boundleſs pleaſures that will never end.

Conſolatory lines addreſſed to Mrs. R. G. *occaſioned by the death of her* HUSBAND.

PERMIT me now with you to ſympathize;
I feel your griefs, I ſee your ſorrows riſe;
Friendſhip and pity now both act their part,
To call forth language from my very heart.
Oh might I now conſole your various grief,
Sure a kind God will grant you ſweet relief;
Altho' the deareſt ties in life are broke,
And your kind partner cut off with a ſtroke;
Yet God almighty lives, he rules above,
Love is his name, his nature too is love;
He is the widow's God and conſtant friend,
With his almighty arm he'll you defend;
He's a kind father to the fatherleſs,
And all that truſt in him he'll ſurely bleſs.
When multitude of thoughts within you roll,
Oh may God's comforts then delight your ſoul;
The Lord he gave, the Lord he takes away,

His name be bleſſed, may we always ſay.
I mourn your loſs, I feel it as my own,
I mourn your huſband, and your paſtor gone;
But that religion which to us he taught,
Supports the ſoul when into trouble brought.
O ſweet ſupport! it calms the troubled mind,
Happy the ſoul that's to God's will reſign'd;
Great is our loſs, but O his gain is great;
Oh could I now but him congratulate
On his arrival on the happy ſhore,
Where ſin and pain will not moleſt him more.
Tho' to an eye of ſenſe, death dark appears,
Yet faith can look above theſe lower ſpheres;
And ſee the ſoul diſburden'd of her clay,
Enter the manſions of eternal day.
Within thoſe bliſsful realms, there love does reign,
The chriſtian there is freed from ev'ry pain,
Joys ſhall increaſe, and pleaſures ever grow,
For from the fountain, ſprings ſhall ever flow.
Oh may we meet him in thoſe realms above,
Singing the wonders of redeeming love.

Congratulatory lines addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. S. W. on his recovery from ſickneſs.

PERMIT me, Sir, you to congratulate,
On your recov'ry from your low eſtate;

Unto

Unto death's door you've been, as well as I;
Oh may it tend to raiſe our praiſes high.
Oh in the ſov'reign God may we rejoice,
And praiſe his glorious name with heart & voice;
Great is our theme, Oh that we could expreſs
The goodneſs of our God and righteouſneſs.
Glorious his works, and juſt are all his ways;
And Oh his love demands our grateful praiſe;
Tho' often num'rous troubles intervene,
Tho' gloomy ſorrows darken all the ſcene,
Yet pleaſing rays of light to us appears,
To comfort us while in this vale of tears;
Religion, that ſublimeſt pleaſures bring,
Diſarms our griefs or blunts their ev'ry ſting.
Oh may I practice this, while this you preach,
This does your life, as well as doctrine teach,
To live above this world while here we ſtay,
Your's the grand office to point out the way.
Delightful taſk! long may you it fulfil,
Sweet happineſs, to do our Maker's will;
And when your taſk's fulfil'd and labour done,
May you ſhine glorious like the riſing ſun.

o——————o

To Capt. J. L. *on the ſudden death of his youngeſt ſon, occaſioned by a fall from a horſe.*

HOW frail is life! 'tis like a fading flow'r,
That flouriſhes, and withers in an hour;

Now

Now we're in health, but ere the day is fled,
We may be number'd with the ſilent dead.
Death's ſhafts do certain though promiſcuous fly,
We know not nor can gueſs who next ſhall die;
Both old and young do to this monarch yield,
He makes wide inroads on the common field.
Not blooming health, nor beauty's pleaſing charms
Can ſhield or ſave us from the tyrant's arms;
Parents with children take a laſt adieu,
And ſo muſt children of their parents too.
But would you wiſh for to be happy then?
Take my advice and act yourſelves like men;
Live like a chriſtian, and you'll death outbrave,
And triumph o'er the terrors of the grave.

Addreſſed to Mr. W. J. *who was wounded at the interment of Gov.* BOWDOIN.

PERMIT me, Sir, you to commiſerate,
In your afflicted, and unhappy ſtate;
Pity demands a ſympathetic tear,
May friendſhip's balm your troubled ſpirits cheer.
O might I bring that ſolemn ſcene to view,
That mournful ſcene you lately have paſt thro'.
The rich man dies, and in the tomb is laid,
With all the pomp and ſplendor of parade.
But the laſt honors which did him attend,

Caus'd

Caus'd the diſtreſs of my unhappy friend ;
Hark ! hear the ſolemn ſound, the cannons roar,
The bones they diſlocate, the fleſh they tore.
The ſoldier brave, juſt in the bloom of youth,
Taught by experience, feels the ſolemn truth,
That life's uncertain, limb from limb muſt part,
O ſolemn ſcene ! may it affect his heart ;
O may his ſoul with gratitude be fill'd,
God only wounded, when he might have kill'd ;
O, that exploſion might have ſtopt your breath,
And you been hurried to the ſhades of death ;
Your precious ſoul would then diſlodged be,
Were you prepared for eternity !
O my dear friend, now is the day of grace,
God now affords you a repenting ſpace ;
Your ſpan of life does ſhorten ev'ry hour,
O fly to Chriſt, and truſt his mighty pow'r ;
If in him you are found, you'll happy be,
Happy in time, and through eternity.

Addreſſed to Mr. A. D. on his preſervation from death. By the deſire of a friend.

THE glorious morning fair and gay,
With all its beauteous charms,
Cannot ſecure our lives one day,
Nor guard us from all harms.

O blooming youth, you feel this truth,
How bleſſings ſpeed their flight,
Enjoy'd at morn, by ev'ning gone,
Depriv'd of them ere night.
Oh what a weight did on you fall,
It might have cruſh'd you dead,
Then in the cold and ſilent tomb,
You muſt have made your bed.
And Oh the ſoul that never dies,
It muſt have wing'd its flight;
Have you a hope it would have gone,
To yonder world of light?
Oh that I might one thought ſuggeſt,
Your gratitude to raiſe,
The ſov'reign God that ſpar'd your life,
Demands your higheſt praiſe.
Oh to his glory may you live,
In Chriſt may you be found,
Religion's joys Oh may you taſte,
They've neither ſhore nor bound.

Conſolatory lines addreſſed to Mrs. H. *and her* SON, *occaſioned by the death of her* HUSBAND.

OH could my tongue or pen one thought ſuggeſt,

To

To mitigate your pain, or ſooth your griefs to reſt;
Pleas'd with the taſk, I'd gladly it fulfil,
I have a mind, O that I had the ſkill.
Altho' caſt down, O may you not deſpair;
You are the ſubjects of th' Almighty's care;
He'll never leave you, nor will your forſake,
If on him you rely, and of his grace partake.
He is the widow's God, and conſtant friend,
On his kind care you ever may depend;
Altho' the deareſt tie in life is broke,
And your kind partner cut off with a ſtroke:
Yet God almighty lives, he rules above,
Love is his name, his nature too is love;
God is a father to the fatherleſs,
O that his name you evermore may bleſs.
Altho' an earthly parent now you mourn,
Tho' in your youth the yoke you now have borne,
May you ſubmit to God's unerring mind,
And to his will be ev'ry wiſh reſign'd;
The ſov'reign God's alike both good and wiſe,
In what his wiſdom grants, and what denies.
O 'tis a ſolemn call, O that we may
Be up and doing, now while it is day;
On a long life we never ſhould depend,
But, O our aim ſhould be to make a happy end.

Lines

Lines occaſioned by the ſudden death of Mrs. A. F.

WHAT means that ſolemn ſound that ſtrikes mine ear?
It is the paſſing-bell, my friends draw near;
Come view the ſcene, 'twill fill you with ſurprize,
Behold the loveliest form in nature dies.
At noon ſhe flouriſh'd, blooming fair and gay;
At ev'ning an extended corpſe ſhe lay;
O what is man when in his beſt eſtate!
Death, tho' unſeen, is haſt'ning to his gate;
He no diſtinction pays to ſtate or wealth,
'Tis no ſecurity to be in health;
For when we flouriſh like the verdant field,
Death with his ſcythe does come and make us yield.
O ſolemn thought, ſay, am I ready found,
Should death's ſad ſhafts now make the fatal wound?
Are you prepar'd? Now aſk yourſelf, my friend,
God's glory and your good, I do intend.
Of yeſterday we are, but ſoon may die;
Time wafts us down the ſtream to vaſt eternity.
O my gay friends, now in the bloom of youth,
Embrace religion and the paths of truth;
'Tis of importance, ſee time flies apace;
My dear young friends, now is the day of grace.

The

The lovely friend of virtue now is gone,
While her connexions all around do mourn;
O may the partner of her joy and grief
In a kind God now find a ſweet relief;
And may the children's thoughts now ſoar above,
God is a friend, a parent full of love;
May her dear parents to God's will reſign,
And may they ſay, his bleſſed will be mine.

o——————o

To Mr. and Mrs. A. *on the death of their child.*

FAREWELL ſweet babe, farewell, a long adieu,
No more with pleaſure ſhall we look on you;
Death with his ſcythe is come to cut you down,
Now like the tender graſs you muſt be mown.
Juſt like a flow'r that bloſſoms o'er the green,
To-day thou art, to-morrow can't be ſeen:
She's gone and left her parents here to mourn,
Gone, gone forever—never to return.
But wherefore do you weep? Dry up your tears,
She now has got above your anxious fears:
She's left a world of ſorrow, ſin, and pain,
Wiſh not to call her back to life again.
This lovely bud beginning to expand,
Was ſoon tranſplanted to that happy land,

Where

Where joys divine, and unembitter'd flow,
Where love does reign, and endleſs pleaſures grow;
Oh may you meet her in thoſe realms above,
Singing the wonders of redeeming love.

o——————o

On the dreadful Conflagration in BOSTON, *in* 1787.

THE glorious ſun, had juſt reclin'd its head,
And from our world its beauteous light was fled;
When, Oh, a ſad alarming ſight appears,
And fills the human heart with num'rous fears.
What mortal can behold the awful ſight?
Oh, how my pen waves trembling as I write;
To ſee flames kindle, rage, and ſpread around,
To ſee our houſes level'd with the ground.
The ſick are forc'd to leave their downy beds,
For burning flames ſurround their drooping heads;
The widow and the orphan are diſtreſs'd,
And know not where to find a place of reſt.
Wide, and more wide, the glowing flames did ſpread,
As if in fire we muſt have made our bed;
The houſe of God, wherein our friend did preach,
A ſolemn leſſon unto us may teach,
That if the means of grace we don't improve,
Our candleſtick he'll certainly remove.

May

May this remind us of that awful day,
When all the elements ſhall melt away.
This ſight might almoſt move a heart of ſtone,
And from the moſt obdurate fetch a groan;
May all rely on God, our conſtant friend,
With his almighty arm he'll us defend;
There's nothing here, in which to put our truſt,
For all on earth is vanity and duſt;
Oh may our groans be turn'd to grateful ſongs,
And praiſe to God, to whom all pow'r belongs.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. on the death of two of their children.

O Cruel death! no pity doſt thou ſhow,
Thy fatal ſhafts they fly and lay us low;
Thou with thy ſcythe, doſt crop the faireſt flow'r,
And all its beauties wither in an hour.
O what ſad havoc has this tyrant made!
In the cold grave two children now are laid;
The father's hope, the mother's pleaſing joy,
Thou without pity, didſt them both deſtroy.
But why, why is it, that we death do blame?
Like a kind meſſenger from heav'n he came
To take them from this world of ſin and pain;
Wiſh not to call them back to life again.
O may the parents conſolation find;

O may they never think that heav'n's unkind.
Unerring wiſdom ſaw 'twas fit, 'twas beſt,
To call theſe children early to their reſt.
This life's a ſcene of ſorrow, ſin and grief,
Kind, friendly death, is oft a ſweet relief;
Sickneſs and ſorrow they no more will ſee;
From ev'ry evil they are now ſet free.
Thoſe lovely buds beginning to expand,
Were ſoon tranſplanted to that happy land,
Where joys divine, and unembitter'd flow,
Where love does reign, and endleſs pleaſures grow.
O may you meet them in thoſe realms above,
Singing the wonders of redeeming love.

Lines occaſioned by the ſudden death of a NEIGHBOUR.

HOW frail, alas! how frail our fleeting breath!
Yes, in the midſt of life we are in death;
No ſtate, no ſtation can our lives enſure,
For death does conquer all, both rich and poor.
We ſee our neighbour's fall, we hear they're dead;
And O, we're ſeized with a trembling dread.
This to ſurvivors is a ſolemn ſound,
Methinks it ſays, ſee that you're ready found.

Of improper anxiety for the future.

WHEREFORE should thought for raiment trouble yield?
Behold the lillies of the verdant field!
They neither toil, nor spin, but yet so fair,
That Solomon in glory can't compare;
If God so clothe the grass, as scripture saith,
Shall he not clothe you, ye of little faith?
Say not, what shall we eat, what shall we drink?
Nor yet for clothing need you so much think;
From worldly minds this anxious care it springs;
Your heav'nly father knows you need those things.
But seek ye first God's kingdom and his love,
And all these things you'll in addition have;
To-morrow's evils will not be the less,
For your solicitude and anxiousness.

On a THUNDER-STORM.

WHAT means that solemn sound, that strikes mine ear?
It is God's voice, my soul, adore and fear;
Hark! how his thunders roar along the skies,
Now tim'rous mortals shrink with sad surprise.
Oh boundless grandeur of a sov'reign God!
Hark! how he sends his thunder-bolts abroad;
See, see those vast expansive sheets of flame,

The livid lightnings ſpeak his glorious name.
O'er the wide world he ſpeaks with ſolemn voice,
The guilty tremble, and his friends rejoice;
God's to the wicked a conſuming fire,
Tremble ye ſinners, and ye ſaints admire.
Methinks this ſolemn ſcene proclaims God's pow'r;
Oh this reminds me of that awful hour;
When God's almighty arm ſhall daſh the world,
When all creation's into atoms hurl'd;
When ſinners ſhall be ſeiz'd with wild diſmay;
When all the elements ſhall melt away;
When ſinners would to rocks and mountains fly,
But rocks and mountains all in aſhes lie.
Oh thou my ſoul with gratitude adore,
Admire God's goodneſs and behold his pow'r;
Thunder and lightning they revere his nod,
And loud proclaim he is a glorious God.

Life compared to a JOURNEY.

THIS world is vain, and oft it proves a ſnare,
To thoſe that ſeek it with an anxious care;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
And will endanger thy immortal part.
Life is a journey, and we're trav'ling on,
A little while and then our journey's done;

Pilgrims

Pilgrims and ſtrangers we are here below,
Into another world we ſoon muſt go.
Say whither are we going? Where's our home?
Life to a period ſure muſt ſhortly come;
Time flies with ſwifteſt wing, we ſoon ſhall be,
Launch'd on the ocean of eternity.
Oh whither are we bound? To bliſs or woe,
Say, whither will th' immortal ſpirit go?
With everlaſting burnings who can dwell?
Fly, fly from ſin, if you'll eſcape from hell.
Acquaint yourſelf with God, and be at peace,
Then you may hope for joys that never, never ceaſe;
'Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;'
Then with this life your ſorrows all will end.
Oh happy period of a chriſtian's grief!
Kind, friendly death will be a ſweet relief;
Th' immortal ſoul ſhall then to glory ſoar,
And ſing and praiſe when time ſhall be no more.

Thoughts on DEATH.

O 'Tis a ſolemn, ſolemn thing to die!
And all who live, the force of death muſt try;
Tho' dark the ſolitude, and deep the gloom;
We ſhortly muſt deſcend into the tomb.
Life like a vapour, vaniſhes away,

And

And all our days fly faſt, they will not ſtay.
Sure death comes on us all, with ſteady pace;
And life's the only, only day of grace.
Of vaſt importance, 'tis t' improve our time;
And Oh! 'tis beſt, when in our youthful prime
To acquaint ourſelves with God, and be at peace,
Then we may hope for joys, that never, never ceaſe.
Tho' to an eye of ſenſe, death dark appears,
Yet faith can look above theſe lower ſpheres,
And ſee the ſoul, diſburden'd of her clay,
Enter the manſions of eternal day.
Within thoſe bliſsful realms, there love does reign;
The chriſtian there, is freed from ev'ry pain;
Joys ſhall increaſe, and pleaſures ever grow,
For from the fountain ſprings ſhall ever flow.
Oh may I wait my change with longing eyes!
Oh may I pant with ardour for the ſkies!
Bleſs God, when I reſign my mortal breath,
And triumph in the ſolemn hour of death.

Thoughts on the death of an IMPENITENT SINNER.

O What a ſight! to ſee a ſinner die,
And in his laſt expiring moments cry,

My

My day of grace is paſt, tis gone! tis gone!
My ſoul is left moſt wretched and forlorn.
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul,
Raves all around, the eye-balls wildly roll.
Diſtreſs and anguiſh now muſt ſeize the heart,
When ſoul and body, they are forc'd to part.
Oh what a ſcene! enough to melt a ſtone,
To hear a ſelf-condemned ſinner groan;
Oh where's that Saviour that I once did ſlight?
Muſt I be baniſh'd now to endleſs night?
Where ſhall I fly? Oh whither can I go?
Down to the deeps of endleſs, endleſs woe;
While Chriſt did call, I turned a deaf ear,
In my calamity he will not hear.
In this ſad caſe, the ſoul with horror ſhrieks,
Methinks its groans and agonies now ſpeak,
Methinks they ſay, take warning, I'm undone,
O fly from ſin, and to your Saviour run.
Sin's wages they are death, and that's my due,
God ſure is juſt, tho' I'm unhappy too;
Yes God is juſt, and that eternally,
Tho' in hell torments I forever be.

o——————o

Reflections on the GRAVE.

THAT man how wiſe, who ſick of worldly talk,
Is led by choice to take a favorite walk,
Beneath death's gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhade,

To view the duſt where ſoon he muſt be laid.
The ſilent grave moſt ſolemn leſſons teach,
The riſing hillocks, they methinks do preach;
Inſtructive leſſons there we ſure may learn,
We there may think what is our great concern.
In the cold grave, we all muſt ſhortly lie,
Oh ſolemn thought! how awful 'tis to die!
But death's the period of a chriſtian's grief,
Yes, friendly death is oft a ſweet relief;
Tho' dark the paſſage, yet behind the ſcreen
There is a fair, a bright, and glorious ſcene;
Sure happineſs reigns in the world above,
There all is joy, and harmony, and love.

On the GREAT DAY.

O Solemn, awful, great tremendous day!
When all the elements ſhall melt away!
When God's almighty arm ſhall daſh the world!
And moving ſpheres in wild confuſion hurl'd!
All nature then convulſed, will expire,
All is one vaſt, wide waſte of glowing fire;
Great day of dread! how awful! Oh how grand!
Before the Judge all nations then muſt ſtand.
All ſhall be ſummon'd then, both ſmall and great;
To hear their ſentence and eternal fate;
Oh how this ſound will rend the ſinner's heart!

"Depart

"Depart ye curſed," from me now depart;
"While I did call, you gave no heed to me,
"You now muſt dwell in endleſs miſery."
Ages, unnumber'd ages ſtill muſt roll!
Without a ray of hope to cheer the wretched ſoul.
Oh hopeleſs, helpleſs, miſerable ſtate!
Of all th' ungodly, this muſt be their fate.
Tremendous day! Oh who can it endure?
All that in Chriſt are found, are then ſecure;
The midnight cry ſhall loſe its horrid ſound,
If on the right hand then you ſhall be found.
'Fly to the Saviour make the Judge your friend,'
And then that day will to your glory tend;
All that in Chriſt have ſlept, he firſt ſhall 'wake,
And of his glory they will all partake.
Yes, they with pleaſure, then compos'd ſhall ſtand,
They'll be admitted then to Chriſt's right hand;
He'll ſay, "ye bleſſed of my father come,"
I will conduct you to your heav'nly home.
Oh happy ſouls! that ſhall attain to this,
High in ſalvation and the climes of bliſs!
With hallelujahs heav'n's high arch ſhall ring,
Anthems of praiſe, with gratitude they'll ſing;
Joys ſhall increaſe, and pleaſures ever grow,
For from the fountain ſprings ſhall ever flow.

A DIALOGUE *between a Miniſter and a Shepherd.*

MINISTER.

GOOD morning, my friend.

Shep. Good morning, Sir.

M. You have a fine morning to attend your fleecy charge, all creation looks gay and blooming, how delightful to rove abroad, at this ſweet hour of prime, how pleaſant, O how cheerful looks the face of nature; the glorious ſun is up, and going on its Maker's errand. But though all nature ſmiles around you, there appears an anxious gloom in your countenance.

S. Sir, I will inform you of the cauſe. I am entruſted with a large number of ſheep, for which I am accountable to the owner; ſome of them have broke the encloſure, and have gone aſtray; I feel anxious for their welfare, for perhaps they are climbing ragged rocks, or wandering among wolves. O my bleating ſheep, and tender lambs! what a charge is mine! what account can I give? But O, I have this pleaſing reflection to alleviate my grief, I have attended them with unwearied aſſiduity, from love to them and their owner; I have led them, fed them, and defended them, but the owner don't know my integrity, he may impute his loſs to my neglect; but ſtill a conſciouſneſs

of

of having done my duty, cheers my dejected ſpirits.

M. I hope, my friend, you will be ſo happy as to find your ſheep, but I muſt bid you adieu, and retire to give vent to a heart too full to be confined (the miniſter's reflection.) O what a faithful ſhepherd is that, how kindly attentive to his maſter's intereſt, and the welfare of his flock. Here is a ſolemn monitor, O my ſoul, O how infinitely more important is my charge! that ſhepherd has only the care of a few innocent ſheep, that in a few years, will be as though they never had been; but I have the ſolemn charge of many precious and immortal ſouls, bound to a vaſt, an endleſs eternity. O ſolemn thought! one ſoul is of more worth than a world, O then how can I make an eſtimate of the many ſouls committed to my charge? O ye precious ſouls, ye are of infinite worth! O how can I bear the thought, that one of you ſhould be loſt eternally? Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can inhabit everlaſting burnings? Do I realize it, that I am accountable as an under-ſhepherd, to the great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls? Should Chriſt ſay to me as he did to Simon, "loveſt thou me?" Could I ſay "yes, Lord?" Should he repeat the queſtion, could I appeal to God, and ſay, "Lord, thou knoweſt

knoweſt all things, thou knoweſt that I love thee." O that I may manifeſt my love unto him, by a care to feed his ſheep, and feed his lambs: O how expreſſive of love and affection, is the language of that ſhepherd, with whom I have juſt had an interview; O how he breathed out his feelings, "Oh my bleating ſheep, and tender lambs!" Much more may I cry out with a heart bleeding with concern, O ye precious, ye never-dying ſouls; your muſt be miſerable or bleſſed forever. Oh, forever! O how that ſhepherd laments a number of his ſheep gone aſtray; but conſcious innocence is his ſupport. Are not ſome of my flock, like ſheep going aſtray, wandering in the paths of ſin, and climbing the ragged rocks of ruin? Oh can I ſay with that ſhepherd, I have attended them with unwearied aſſiduity? I have warned them of the danger of ſin? I have told them the fatal conſequence of being thoughtleſs, careleſs, and unconcerned about their immortal intereſt? Have I pointed out the way, and method of ſalvation in and thro' Chriſt, with that plainneſs which is abſolutely neceſſary for their right underſtanding thoſe important truths? Have I aſſured them that religion is a glorious reality? Have I told them that I know by ſweet experience, that wiſdom's ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and

all

all her paths are peace? Have I been inſtant in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon? Do I know the ſtate of my flock? With what kind attention does the good ſhepherd watch over his fleecy charge, and if any of them are ſick, the benevolence of his heart prompts him to carry the lambs in his boſom, and to uſe every method for their recovery. Of what vaſt importance then, is it to attend to poor ſin-ſick ſouls! O that I may carry their caſe to the great Phyſician, but O, are they ſenſible that they are ſick? O how many there are in nature's darkneſs, poor and wretched, blind and naked; O how my bowels yearn with compaſſion over them, O that they were wiſe, that they underſtood this, that they would but conſider their latter end. But I muſt follow them with my entreaties; O how gladly I would ſpend, and be ſpent in the ſervice of their ſouls. But *Paul may plant, and Apollos water*, but God only can give the increaſe. Important thought! O that to him I may always look for a bleſſing on my endeavours, but have I been faithful to my truſt? Speak, O my conſcience, have I reproved, rebuked, exhorted, with all long ſuffering and love. Awful muſt it be for me to bear witneſs againſt my flock, but inconceivably more dreadful muſt it be, if poor ruined ſinners ſhould riſe up to condemn me in that

that great day when God ſhall judge the world; but O, I will endeavour

To feed his lambs with care, and feed his ſheep,
Like a good ſhepherd, while his flock I keep.

S. Sir, you obſerved the beauties of the morning, methinks God makes the evening as well as the morning to rejoice. Very juſt were your obſervations, Sir; but my concern for the flock prevented my paying ſo great attention to them as I ſhould been happy to have done. But now the ſcene is changed; rejoice with me, for I have found the ſheep that were loſt. Now methinks the ſun ſmiles upon me, as it takes its leave of the earth; ſerene and pleaſant is the face of things.

M. My friend, I congratulate you on your happineſs, and rejoice that your ſetting ſun is ſo pleaſant. O that when the evening of your life approaches, you may be ſo happy as to enjoy that calm tranquility ſo apparent in your countenance.

S. Sir, I thank you for the kind wiſhes of your benevolent heart, and in return, wiſh you that happineſs that reſults from a conſciouſneſs of having done your duty, that at laſt you may be owned, and approved of your Judge, and that you may be enabled to give up your account with joy. O Sir, my own account ſeems great, but yours exceeds it.

M.

M. Very true, I feel the worth of ſouls.

S. I rejoice at it, Sir, and wiſh it may be the caſe of every miniſter.

M. Here let me take myleave of you, my friend; hoping our converſation will not prove unprofitable to either; and O! may we in our ſeveral callings, be found faithful unto death, and at laſt be received by the great Shepherd and Biſhop of ſouls, to manſions of everlaſting joy.——Adieu.

Thoughts on HAPPINESS.

I Believe it is the wiſh of every perſon to be happy, let their characters in life be what they may. Why thend oes unhappineſs ſo much prevail in our world? Certainly from the ſame cauſe that infernal ſpirits are miſerable. The fallen angels are unhappy becauſe they are at enmity with God. The unrenewed man is unhappy becauſe he has a carnal heart that is oppoſed to God. The wicked are like the troubled ſea that cannot reſt. No wonder that thouſands miſs of happineſs, who ſeek it where it is not to be found; ſome ſeek for happineſs in the gay ſcenes of diſſipation, ſome in accumulating wealth, others perhaps in drowning their ſenſes in their flowing bowls. But here it cannot be

found; no, certainly. Beneath the flowers that wreathe the ſparkling bowl, fell adders hiſs, and poiſonous ſerpents roll. For my own part, I wiſh for thoſe pleaſures that in reflection, ſatisfaction yield. I think there is nothing ſhort of the joys of religion, that can afford us true happineſs.

Alexander could not find it in riches, for after he had conquered the whole world, he lamented that his treaſures were not ſo vaſt as his deſires. Cæſar could not find it in the breath of fame. Is this all cried Cæſar, at his height diſguſted, diſproportion vaſt, between the poſſeſſion and the purchaſe, he could ſigh at his ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.

It is holineſs that conſtitutes happineſs, as a worthy author obſerves, Angels are happier than men, becauſe they are better. The ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, are happy becauſe they are near and like their God. True happineſs conſiſts in ſupreme love to God, and benevolence to man. Oh 'tis happineſs to love the glorious God: 'tis happineſs to contemplate his amiable character, and adorable perfections: 'tis happineſs to ſee, or rather to feel our own nothingneſs, and to have diſcoveries of the greatneſs of God. If all the nations before him are as the drop of a bucket or the ſmall duſt of the balance, what am

I?

I? Oh, methinks I am ſmaller than the ſmalleſt particle of duſt, that plays in a ſun-beam; Oh 'tis happineſs to be nothing, that God may be all. It is happineſs to enjoy the ſweets of religious ſociety, and to form an acquaintance with kindred ſpirits: it is happineſs to have minds formed for ſocial joys, to be capable of communicating our thoughts to each other: Oh 'tis ſweet to bear each other's burden, and ſo to fulfil the law of Chriſt. It is happineſs to alleviate the grief of a diſtreſſed fellow creature, to pour in the oil and wine of conſolation, into a wounded troubled mind.

It is happineſs to forgive injuries, to overcome evil with good, to imitate that glorious Being, that cauſeth his ſun to ſhine on the evil and on the good, and ſendeth his rain upon the juſt and upon the unjuſt. Oh 'tis happineſs to feel our dependance on God, for a ſupply of all our numerous wants, and to receive every mercy as coming from his bountiful hand. But unmixed happineſs is not to be enjoyed in this life, even for the virtuous and the wiſe. No certainly. What anxious cares fill the boſom of the pious parent for his beloved offſpring, that are inattentive to their immortal intereſt? Oh that they were wiſe, is the language of their benevolent heart.

The

The more we love God, the more we feel concern for our fellow creatures. If I might call any man happy, methinks it would be the faithful ambaſſador of Chriſt, whoſe delightful employment it is to promote the glory of God, and the beſt intereſt of immortal ſouls. But they are not completely happy in this life; no, doubtleſs they ſpend many an anxious day, and waking night in kind concern for poor thoughtleſs ſinners; O how their bowels yearn with compaſſion over them. O how important is their charge! but what a ſweet ſupport is that glorious promiſe of Chriſt, *Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.* O how great will be their reward, if they are faithful unto death! then ſhall they receive a crown of life. O might I ſpeak the wiſhes of my inmoſt ſoul, it were this, that they might have unnumbered ſtars in their crown of rejoicing. In the world above is happineſs pure, and ſublime. Oh pleaſing thought, in God's preſence *is fulneſs of joy, at his right hand are pleaſures forevermore.* Yes, where God is, there muſt be happineſs. Then cheer your hearts ye drooping chriſtians, come anticipate your much-loved bliſsful home.

While God is God, you ſure muſt happy be,
And ſhall be bleſſed through eternity.

On

On AFFLICTION.

IF we ſeriouſly conſider the great end for which we came into the world, and that we are travellers to another ſtate of exiſtence, we ſhall find reaſon to adore that infinite wiſdom, that cauſes the thorns of affliction to ſpring up in our way, for were we always to walk in the flowery paths of proſperity, we ſhould be too much attached to the things of time and ſenſe. The other day I obſerved a Bee, ſucking a flower that grew on a thorn-buſh, Oh, thought I, can that Bee extract honey from the thorn? It ſeemed to read me an inſtructive leſſon; it reminded me of affliction's thorny paths, tho' often painful, yet are ſometimes productive of the greateſt good. That little creature I thought was a ſolemn, tho' a ſilent monitor, it ſeemed to ſay, try to ſuck honey from every afflictive diſpenſation. Afflictions if rightly conſidered, are the kind meſſengers of heaven to invite us thither, and to remind us, that this world is not our home. It is our duty to bleſs God in the time of trouble, and not only to ſubmit, but cheerfully to welcome his corrections; knowing that whatſoever is by his appointment, is right, is beſt. Oh what a noble, what a delightful conſideration is this! that diſappointments, loſſes and croſſes, are the chaſtiſements of a

merciful and loving father. Behold happy is the man that God correcteth, for as many as he loves he rebukes and chaſtens; wherefore we ſhould not be weary of his corrections, for he only wounds that his hands may heal. We cannot expect in this world an unmixed happineſs; in a wide extended rural proſpect, tho' exceeding beautiful, the eye does not every where meet with golden harveſts; the beauty of fragrant flowers, or the rich attire of verdant fields ſhining in the bloom of reviving nature; but it takes in at different intervals, wild and uncultivated tracts of land; thus by the divine appointment, the ſcenes of this ſtate are variegated with joy and ſorrow, proſperity and adverſity. It is unerring wiſdom that chuſes out our changes for us; we have reaſon to adore the goodneſs of God that he don't permit us to carve our own portions; for what we ſhort-ſighted creatures would ſuppoſe, would be conducive to our happineſs, would often prove really injurious to us. Afflictions like phyſic, are neceſſary for our preſent diſordered ſtate; happy will it be for us, if they have right operation, if they tend to wean us from this ſinful world, and to ripen us for future bleſſedneſs; then we ſhall have reaſon to ſay, it is good for us that we have been afflicted. If we were never toſſed

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in the tempeſt of trouble, we ſhould not long with ſuch ardour for that haven of reſt and tranquility. Afflictions may tend to wean us from this world, and excite us to place our affections on things above. In the world ſays Chriſt, ye ſhall have tribulation, but in me ye ſhall have peace. Oh how ſweet, how ſecure is that peace, which no man can take from us; Oh that it may be my choiceſt comfort, thro' all the changing ſcenes of life, and a reviving cordial in the important hour of diſſolution. Oh if we did but ſee the hand of God in all our afflictions, what a happineſs it would be! Oh if the glory of God, was always near our hearts, it would be the language of our ſouls, it is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth him good.

Were God our all, how would our comforts double upon us, then the ſea of all our trouble would be divinely ſweet, we ſhould endeavour to ſee God now, and dwell with forever.

Thoughts for the NEW YEAR.

THE old year is paſt, and gone forever; the new one dawns upon us, O that this may remind us of the cloſe of life, and our entrance into a new ſtate of exiſtence. Days, years, and months,

months, fly ſwift away. Yes, every moment brings us nearer to our end, and whether we conſider it or not, we muſt ere long bid adieu to the things of time and ſenſe. Happy they that can look back on the paſt year with ſatisfaction, ſuch may begin the preſent with a pleaſing joy. O how many changing ſcenes are we called to paſs through in the courſe of a year. Now in proſperity; anon in adverſity, now in the enjoyment of health, ere long ſickneſs ſhews her pale countenance, and caſts a gloom over the face of things. O how uncertain are all earthly enjoyments! but it is infinite wiſdom that chuſeth out all our changes for us. The changing ſeaſons may remind us that we muſt ſhortly change. Important conſideration! O that it may ſuitably affect our hearts, and ſtir us up to the right diſcharge of every duty. Many who began the laſt year are now mouldering in the duſt, and doubtleſs, many begin this, that before it ends, will be called to launch out into the vaſt ocean of eternity. O eternity! how ſhort is time when compared to thy boundleſs length! O, of what vaſt importance it is to conſider and attend to the things that belong to our everlaſting peace.

Happy will it be for us, if we make a right improvement of the revolving ſeaſons. Time flies

flies with the ſwifteſt ſpeed, though we are inattentive to its flight; the great meaſurer of our days preſſes on, and whirls our weeks, and months and years away. O of what infinite importance it is to improve the paſſing moments! once gone, they are gone forever! on the improvement of this ſhort life, depends a long eternity of joy, or everlaſting woe. O then let us improve the preſent moments, the future are not ours. How expreſſive, how beautiful are thoſe lines of Dr. Watts, viz. Good God! on what a ſlender thread, (or on what a moment of time) hang everlaſting things! O what an invaluable talent time is! how guilty are thoſe that waſte it in vanity and ſin. Shall we throw away time? Aſtoniſhing, ruinous, irreparable profuſeneſs! throw empires away and be blameleſs in compariſon of the guilt of waſting time.

On the vanity of earthly enjoyments.

HOW ſhort-lived are all earthly enjoyments! How frail, how fleeting are all earthly joys! While we are purſuing the vain ſhadows, they are flying from our embraces; the pleaſures of time and ſenſe are not fitted to ſatisfy the deſires of the immortal mind. The tranſitory enjoyments

ments of this world will never yield us ſolid happineſs. Pleaſure ſays it is not in me; proſperity ſays it is not in me; and the gay ſcenes of diſſipation will not ſatisfy us. Were it poſſible for us to arrive to ſuch a height of grandeur, as to command the whole world, and poſſeſs all the glories, pleaſures and treaſures of it, yet they would fall infinitely ſhort of affording true contentment, ſolid joy and tranquility of mind. 'Tis but falſe and imaginary happineſs, the world can boaſt; unlike the ſolid and ſatisfactory joys ariſing from the well grounded hope of an intereſt in God's love and favour. O may I never entertain ſuch falſe notions and ideas of happineſs as are confined to the things of this earth. O that I may bid adieu to the ſinful pleaſures, and cheating deluſions of this vain world, which betray ſo many precious ſouls into endleſs ruin. How deceiving is this world to the ſouls of men; it flatters them with fair promiſes of wealth, health, and long life, when in reality, its courtiers and admirers often live not out half their days.

We have an inſtance of the uncertainty of earthly happineſs in the rich man in the goſpel, who thus addreſt himſelf. "Soul take thine eaſe, eat, drink, and be merry, for thou haſt goods laid up for many years." But God ſaid unto him, thou

thou fool, this night ſhall thy ſoul be required of thee. Then alas, too late might he repent his folly. Too juſt a repreſentation is this of human nature, when the world with her alluring ſmiles, court our affections, when immerſed in buſineſs, or lulled in pleaſure, then we are too regardleſs of the things that belong to our everlaſting peace. Many are in purſuit of happineſs, but how few ſeek it where it is to be found? Too, too many graſp at the ſhadow, and loſe the ſubſtance; but the wiſeſt of men aſſure us, that wiſdom's ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace. Moſt certainly it is an inſtance of the trueſt wiſdom to attend to the all-important concerns of our never-dying ſouls; when we conſider the ſhortneſs of time, and the duration of eternity, does it not appear the height of ſtupidity, to employ all our thoughts about worldly concerns, to the neglect of our more important intereſt? Yes, moſt certainly, but as the Poet expreſſes it,

We ſee the right, and we approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue.

On the bleſſing of REASON.

WHAT an invaluable bleſſing is the free exerciſe of our *reaſon!* If we are ſurrounded

rounded with every earthly enjoyment, and are deprived of our ſenſes, every comfort is in a manner loſt to us. O what a ſcene of diſtreſs and wretchedneſs is exhibited to our view, when we behold the affectionate wife, the tender parent, the beloved child, and the kind ſiſter deprived of their reaſon! it is indeed a moſt melancholy proſpect. O what love and gratitude is due to the Author of all our mercies, for the ineſtimable bleſſing of our reaſon! by this we are made capable of ſerving and glorifying God, and of being uſeful to our fellow creatures. O that we may prize it while we poſſeſs it, and improve it to the nobleſt of purpoſes. It is one of heaven's beſt and crowning gifts; it is a talent for which we ſhall be accountable. It is by this we are diſtinguiſhed from the beaſts of the field, and the fowls of the air. Man was made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor. Shall we debaſe the powers and faculties of our ſouls by indulging them in ſenſual gratifications? Forbid it reaſon, forbid it gratitude, that we ſhould thus abuſe this noble gift; rather let us adore the ſupreme Benefactor, who has made us capable of ſeeing the hand, and admiring the wiſdom of the Author of all our mercies. O the goodneſs, the unbounded goodneſs of God! who

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can forbear celebrating his praiſe? Wherever we turn our attention, we may find a motive for gratitude, praiſe and adoration. Methinks every thing in nature does to the utmoſt of its power, praiſe the glorious Creator. Shall man then be ſilent? Man that is endowed with ſuch noble powers and faculties of ſoul; he has a glorious capacity. O what a happineſs it is to feel our dependance on God; we have nothing but what we have received, we ſhould endeavour to improve every talent for the honour of the giver.

On FRIENDSHIP.

HOW delightful are the joys of friendſhip, founded on virtue! when by mutual kind offices, we can aſſiſt each other, it affords a pleaſing joy. The pleaſures and advantages of friendſhip are great ingredients of human happineſs; it is a generous impulſe implanted in us, by the Author of our being, that inſpires us with tender affections, and ſentiments of love and benevolence towards our fellow creatures. This paſſion is refined, and amiably ſincere; its happy influences make it as uſeful as it is pleaſant; were it once rooted out of our minds, we ſhould no longer enjoy the ſweets of ſociety. Where

friendſhip reigns, it will have a happy tendency to render us more uſeful in our preſent ſtations, and to ripen us for future bleſſedneſs. Happy the affection that has virtue for its baſis; ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life, nor can I think that even there it ends. What greater pleaſure does earth afford, than the freedom of converſing with a boſom friend, who on occaſions of joy will congratulate, and in occurrences of diſtreſs and danger, will alleviate our grief? Such a friend is as a cordial to revive our drooping ſpirits, and will cheer us in our dejected moments. In the hour of diſtreſs and affliction, then how happy to have a kind friend, into whoſe boſom we may pour out our ſorrows! this tends to alleviate our grief, and make our trouble lighter to bear. Is friendſhip thus delightful? Then how happy are thoſe whoſe hearts are united in its ſtrongeſt bonds!

The need we have of each others aſſiſtance, is a plain proof we were not made for ourſelves alone, but to be ſerviceable to the world around us. What an agreeable ſatisfaction muſt it yield to the benevolent mind, to alleviate the pains, and ſoften the cares of a diſtreſſed fellow creature! O how delightful to imitate the great Creator! *who is good, and doeth good, whoſe tender mercies are over all*

all his works. O how valuable is the friendſhip of this glorious Being! O the amazing condeſcenſion of God! he will permit us to acquaint ourſelves with him. We ſhould eſteem it great condeſcenſion in an earthly monarch to permit us to come into his preſence, but infinitely greater is the condeſcenſion of the King of kings, when we conſider that God is in heaven, and we upon earth, and that as the heavens are higher than the earth, ſo are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts. O it is condeſcenſion in God, that he will even permit us to think of him. Shall man be proud, when God thus condeſcends? O if it is delightful to enjoy the friendſhip of our fellow creatures, how much more ſublime the pleaſure to enjoy the friendſhip of the glorious God, whoſe favour is better than life!

On the greatneſs and goodneſs of GOD.

HOW great muſt be that God who with one glance can ſurvey the utmoſt bounds of creation! O how extenſive is his knowledge, that a *ſparrow* cannot fall to the ground without his *notice!* and the very *hairs* of our heads, are numbered by him. His goodneſs warms in the ſun,

ſun, ſhines in the moon, and in the twinkling ſtars his glory is diſplayed. What a beautiful ſcene is preſented to our view in a winter evening; then in a peculiar manner the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament ſheweth his handy work; by reaſon of the clearneſs of the air, the ſtars glitter with a greater brilliancy, and the moon ſhines with a more than common ſplendor. O how many are engaged in inferior delights, while all the glories of the ſky invite their regard. O what a delightful employment of my thoughts, to contemplate the wonderous works of God! We may well cry out with joy and admiration, "Theſe are thy glorious works, O thou Parent of good; Almighty, thine this univerſal frame; thus wonderous fair, thyſelf how wonderous then!" And with the Pſalmiſt we may ſay, all thy works ſhall praiſe thee, O Lord, and thy ſaints ſhall bleſs thee. O how glorious is that Being who formed the earth, and built the ſkies! O that it may be my happineſs to have an eye to diſcern God in every object, and a heart to adore him on every occaſion.

Wherever we turn our attention, we may diſcover evident tokens of his goodneſs; it is from the ſtores of his inexhauſtible bounty, that we receive all our ſupplies; in him we live, and move,

move, and have our being. When we conſider the advantage of the changing ſeaſons, and the alternate ſucceſſion of day and night, we muſt certainly acknowledge with gratitude, the kind attention of our benevolent Creator, in diſpoſing all things for the comfort and convenience of man. Happy for man, that he is made capable of acknowledging his Benefactor. O what a happineſs it is to feel our dependance on God, and to confide in his providence, for the ſupply of all our numerous wants!

On the OCEAN.

WHAT a grand proſpect is here before us! I ſee the wide *ocean*, it is a world of wonders; what a capacious bed is made to hold the vaſt waters! ſurely almighty power has laid an embargo on the raging waves, and roaring billows; otherwiſe they would certainly overflow their banks, and a dreadful inundation would ſpread ruin all around. O how great muſt be that God who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand! and taketh up the iſles as a very little thing! none but almighty power can ſay to the boiſterous billows, hitherto ſhall ye go, and no further; and here ſhall your proud waves be ſtayed. O how ſubſervient is all creation to the ſovereign will of

God! is it possible that man can be rebellious? Man whose truest happiness it is to act in conformity to the will of God? O if our minds were rightly exercised, the *ocean* would be a most pleasing instructor; when we behold its smooth surface, what a pleasing serenity appears on every wave! methinks it resembles a humble temper, resigned to the will of heaven. O how boundless is the goodness of God! the earth is full of thy riches, says the Psalmist, so is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping, innumerable, both small and great. What rich treasures are contained in the *vast ocean!* how many millions are fed out of its inexhaustible stores! but O there are richer sweets to be found in the briny ocean; methinks it represents the boundless goodness of the great Creator. There is something grand and exceeding beautiful in the ocean; but it is not only beautiful, but beneficial to the world: there go the ships and do business in great waters, and foreign lands. America, this land of liberty, might forever remain undiscovered, if it were not for the advantages of navigation, by this, the glorious gospel came to our enlightened land; by this, the glad tidings of salvation were brought to this once howling wilderness. O happy Americans, if you prize your privileges, if you improve

improve them for the glory of God, and for your immortal intereſts.

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FAITH *ſurveying eternity.*

DEATH's terror, is the mountain faith removes, it is faith diſarms deſtruction; believe and look with triumph on the tomb. Though death to the finally impenitent is a moſt frightful foe, yet by faith, the ſincere believer can look upon him as a conquered enemy, or a friendly meſſenger ſent from heaven to call him from a world of ſin and imperfection. This life is but a journey, and we are travellers to a vaſt eternity; every day, every hour, yea, every moment brings us nearer to the important period of our life. Ere long the ſcene will change, and a boundleſs eternity will open to our view. Oh eternity! eternity! how are our ſtrongeſt thoughts loſt and overwhelmed in thee! it hath neither ſhore nor bound, it will ere long begin, but it will never, never end. Oh, it is a moſt pleaſing reflection, a moſt delightful conſideration, the joys of heaven will laſt forever. This will be a great addition to the happineſs of the ſaints, to think that there will be no period to their bliſs. Oh what a boundleſs field for contemplation! our knowledge

ledge it is probable will be progreſſive, the mind no doubt will ever be expanding. Oh what happineſs reigns in the world above! where God is, there muſt be happineſs. He is a ſea of love without a ſhore. Where Chriſt is, there muſt be joy and pleaſure. O how delightful to ſing the wonders of redeeming love and grace! what harmonious joys! methinks heaven's high arches will reſound with hallelujahs. Angels and archangels, cherubim and ſeraphim, with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, all will harmonize together in ſongs of praiſe. Oh who would not wiſh to join in this general joy?

But it is impoſſible for any perſon in a natural ſtate of enmity to God, to enter there; but ſuppoſing it were poſſible for the unrenewed to enter the bright abodes of endleſs felicity, yet even there they muſt be miſerable; for as Mr. Hervey obſerves, how could the tongue habituated to profaneneſs, taſte any delight in joining the harmonious adorations of heaven? How could the lips cankered with ſlander, reliſh the raptures of everlaſting praiſe? Where would be the ſatisfaction of the vain beauty, or the ſupercilious grandee, ſince in the temple of the ſkies, no incenſe of flattery would be addreſſed to the one, nor any obſequious homage paid to the other? The tranſcendent

ſcendent and immaculate purity of the bleſſed God, would flaſh confuſion on the laſcivious eye. And the envious mind, muſt be on a rack of ſelf-tormenting paſſions, to obſerve millions of happy beings ſhining in all the perfections of glory, and ſolacing themſelves in the fulneſs of joy. Moſt certainly the unſanctified ſoul amidſt holy and triumphant ſpirits, even in the refined regions of bliſs and immortality, would be unhappy beyond expreſſion. Oh moſt certainly the enmity muſt be ſlain, and we muſt be reconciled to God thro' Jeſus Chriſt, if ever we wiſh to be admitted into thoſe bliſsful manſions.

Evening Thoughts.

NOW the evening approaches, dreſt in her ſable robes, ſerene and ſolemn is the face of things. All around is ſilence. Now is the time for ſerious meditation. The glorious ſun has now quitted our horizon, and left the world in ſhades. This may remind us of the evening of life, and the ſolemn night of death, which is approaching. Every day is ſucceeded by night, and all our lives will be followed by death.

When we have work to do, that depends on day-light, it is our wiſdom to begin in the morning;

ing; of what vaſt importance then, is it to begin in the morning of our youth, to conſider, and attend to the things that belong to our everlaſting peace! we ought to remember, that the night of death is coming, wherein no man can work. The night though a ſilent is a ſolemn monitor. Oh what amazing pomp is diſcloſed in an evening ſcene! what boundleſs grandeur is diſplayed in thoſe bright orbs that illuminate the ſkies! the moon ſhines with beautiful, tho' borrowed rays. See thoſe bright millions of glittering ſtars; they in their midnight watches ſing of him, who gave them their reſplendent luſtre. Theſe glories of the ſky, remind me of a promiſe in ſacred writ, to the faithful miniſters of the goſpel. "*They that turn many to righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine like the ſtars forever and ever.*" Is not this a moſt winning encouragement? (ſays an author) whoſe office it was to ſpend and be ſpent in the ſervice of ſouls. Methinks ſaye he, the ſtars beckon as they twinkle, methinks they ſhew me their ſplendors on purpoſe to awaken my alacrity in the race ſet before me; on purpoſe to enliven my activity in the work that is given me to do.—If honor has any charms, if true glory, the glory that cometh from God is any attractive, there cannot be a more powerful incitement

incitement to exerciſe all aſſiduity in my holy vocation. Therefore when zeal becomes languid, let me have recourſe to theſe lamps of heaven, and rekindle its ardour at their glorious fires.

How bright! how brilliant are thoſe glittering ſtars! *the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament ſheweth his handy work; day unto day uttereth ſpeech, and night unto night ſheweth forth knowledge* concerning him. Happy will it be for us, if by beholding thoſe bright conſtellations, we may become the more acquainted with their, and our Creator. Oh how glorious is that great Sovereign, that ſends ten thouſand worlds to tell us he reſides above them all, in glory's unapproachable receſs! who can forbear crying out with the Pſalmiſt, *when I conſider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained, Lord what is man, that thou art mindful of him? Or the ſon of man, that thou viſiteſt him?* Oh what a mercy that we are made capable of contemplating the wonderous works of God! O glorious happineſs this! methinks the appearance of night is ſtriking and ſolemn, which brings to my mind thoſe lines of Dr. *Young*,

Great God! permit the gloom of ſolemn night,
To ſacred thoughts may forcibly invite;

When

When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies.

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On creation, providence, and redemption.

BEHOLD what infinite wiſdom ſhines in creation, when I think of that eternal ſelf-exiſtent Being who from a chaos of darkneſs and confuſion, called forth ſuch beauteous order and wonderful harmony, I wonder and adore, my ſoul is filled with pleaſing aſtoniſhment. Wherever we turn our eyes we diſcover evident traces of his goodneſs, and learn that there is a God of infinite perfections. What exalted ideas muſt we form of that glorious Being, who by his almighty fiat, called into exiſtence ſurrounding worlds. Oh God thou art infinitely greater than all the works of thy hands. Thy voice produced the ſeas and ſpheres.—Bid the waves roll, and planets ſhine; but nothing like thyſelf appears ſo great, ſo glorious and divine.

But the Creator's wiſdom is not confined to the works of creation, no, it is diſplayed in a moſt beautiful manner in the ſcenes of providence, although 'the ways of heaven are dark and intricate,' yet what little we can diſcover, teaches us that infinite wiſdom rules and governs all.

In

In the hiſtory of Joſeph we learn to trace the footſteps of providence, and there we diſcover that glorious attribute, the divine ſovereignty of God was pleaſed to diſtinguiſh Joſeph from his brethren, and he enabled him to diſtinguiſh himſelf by love and gratitude. But his brethren moved with envy, were reſolved to baniſh him from their preſence. The dear parent mourns the loſs of his beloved ſon, and cries out in all the bitterneſs of woe, *all theſe things are againſt me.* But the event proves that he was miſtaken, for the providence of God wonderfully appears in his preſervation. O how blind are mortals to future events! but it is a pleaſing thought that there is an over-ruling providence. And in redemption there is ſtill greater diſplays of infinite wiſdom. Who but a God could contrive the wonderful plan of man's ſalvation? How can God be juſt and the juſtifier of rebellious man? Who can make ſatisfaction to the demands of that holy law which man had violated. Milton ſpeaks as if there was a council called in heaven, and God enquired of all the heavenly powers, which of you will be mortal to redeem man's mortal crime, and die the dead to ſave. He aſked, but all the heavenly choir ſtood mute, and ſilence was in heaven. Then behold the love of the bleſſed Jeſus, ſee his

attachment to his father's law, hear how his bowels yearn with compaſſion for poor periſhing ſinners. Oh how great was his love. He left his father's boſom, left the delightful ſociety above. Behold a God becomes incarnate, and condeſcends to be born in a ſtable, born with all the innocent infirmities of human nature. Here is condeſcenſion, infinite and amazing. Here is divinity veiled in humanity; no wonder angels deſire to look into this glorious miſtery. Here is an ocean of love, which can never be fathomed. Did the dear Jeſus ſojourn in this vale of tears? Did he conflict with all the powers of darkneſs? Did he feel all the fiery darts of the devil? Then he knows how to ſuccour thoſe who are tempted; yes, he has a tender ſympathizing pity for all his dear members. O what pity yearns in Immanuel's bowels, ſo great was his love that he gave his life a ranſom for ſinners.

He died that we might live, was ever love like this? Did ever grace ſtoop ſo low? What, the Creator die for the creature? Yes, he died a painful, ſhameful, and ignominious death. Infinite goodneſs, amazing love.

Canſt thou, ungrateful man, his torments ſee,
Nor drop a tear for him who ſhed his blood for thee?

Oh

O! what excruciating tortures, what pangs, what pains the dear Redeemer bore. What heart ſo adamantine as not to melt at ſuch a ſight of the bleſſed Jeſus. Hark! hear him utter his expiring groans on the accurſed tree. See the tombs cleaving, and the rocks rending, while convulſions ſhake the foundations of nature; now the bright orb of light hides his head, and conceals his bright glories in blackeſt ſhades. But as Dr. Watts very beautifully obſerves,

"Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When God the great Creator dy'd
For man, the creature's ſin."

Did all creation ſeem to take notice of this ſolemn ſcene? And can man who is particularly intereſted in it, can man be ſo ſtupidly inſenſible as to be unmindful of it? Methinks it muſt be aſtoniſhing even to the infernal ſpirits, and no doubt they will reproach the ingratitude of thoſe miſerable beings who ſlighted a Saviour, and trampled under foot his moſt precious blood. And Oh! how muſt they appear in the view of thoſe happy ſpirits, who ſurround the throne of God. Oh thoughtleſs ſinners, why will you force a paſſage to the flames? You muſt tread on the Son of God to get there. Stop, thoughtleſs

leſs wanderer, ſtop, and look around. 'Tis all inchanted ground on which thou treadeſt. Wake, wake, and ſee your fate, or ſin no more. Stop, or you are loſt beyond redeeming power.

o——————o

The chriſtian's treaſure.

ALL things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or things preſent, or things to come; all are yours, for ye are Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's. Here is thy treaſure, O chriſtian, therefore ſay not I am of Paul, or I am of Apollos, for all things are yours. Although there is a diverſity of gifts, yet there is the ſame ſpirit of unfeigned love in all the faithful ambaſſadors of Chriſt. Things preſent are yours, yes, life is thine, but it is on the wing, it is a golden opportunity; O then prize it while you poſſeſs it, and improve it for God's glory. Time is ſhort, but even the ſhortneſs of time is an addition to the believer's happineſs; ſurely the wearied pilgrim need not mourn that he has got ſo near his journey's end; nor yet the ſhipwrecked mariner, who has long been toſſed on the tempeſtuous ocean, that he has got ſo near his deſired haven; no more can the true chriſtian mourn that he has got ſo near his father's houſe. Can a child mourn that he

he is ſoon to be received into the boſom of an indulgent parent? Riches are yours, O chriſtian, and they will prove ſubſtantial bleſſings if you improve them to the nobleſt purpoſe. Your exalted ſtations give you happy opportunities for doing good. You who are poſſeſſed of immenſe treaſures, are the ſtewards of the great God; O what a happineſs to be the diſpenſers of his bounty! riches are bleſſings ſent from heaven, when mixed with ſympathy and love. But are given as a curſe to thoſe whom neither want nor pity move.

It may well be ſaid, it is more bleſſed to give than to receive; for there is a ſuperior pleaſure in confering favours, than in receiving them. You who are rich in this world are nobly diſtinguiſhed, let not your mercies turn to weapons of rebellion; forbid it reaſon, forbid it gratitude. You have happy opportunities to cheer the dejected ſpirits of the diſconſolate widow, and to relieve the wants of the fatherleſs children. O glorious happineſs! unſpeakable privilege to imitate the Father of everlaſting compaſſions. Lord, what is man that thou doſt make him the ſteward of thy bounty? But not only riches, but poverty is yours. Nature inquires, is it poſſible that poverty ſhould be for our good? What, is it beſt for us to want the comforts and conveniences of life? O it may

remind us of the love of Chriſt, who though he was rich, yet for our ſakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. He who was Lord of all, infinitely rich and infinitely happy, yet he condeſcends to be born in a ſtable. The moſt abject poverty was his lot. He himſelf declares, the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have neſts, but the Son of man had not where to lay his head.

Poverty is yours, O chriſtians, it is for the good of your immortal ſouls. Infinite wiſdom knows what is beſt for you. Poverty calls patience, that lovely grace into exerciſe; but ſays the apoſtle let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. The poor of this world are oft times rich in faith, and heirs to an inheritance above created ſkies. Our poverty may teach us our dependence on an independent God. The ſtreams are oft times wiſely withheld from us; but ſays dear Mrs. Rowe, ſhall we languiſh for the ſtreams when we may drink at the overflowing fountain? Methinks we might forget our poverty in contemplating the riches that there is in Chriſt. In him all fulneſs dwells. Are we poor? He is able to enrich us. Are we naked? His righteouſneſs is offered as a garment to clothe our naked ſouls. Are we blind? He has eye-ſalve to anoint our eyes.

When

When we discover the immense treasures that there is in Christ, and are made partakers of them, we need not covet crowns, nor envy conquerors. Then we may say with blessed Hervey, take, ye ambitious, unenvied and unopposed take to yourselves the toys of state. Did the vain world but see the inheritance that the poor christian is heir to, instead of despising them they would envy their happiness. The poor christian, did I say? How can we call those poor who are thus enriched? How can we call those mean who are thus ennobled? Honor is yours, O christian, yes, although not many rich, not many noble are called, yet there are in all ages some of the honorable of the earth, who are the friends and followers of the blessed Jesus. You who are rich and honorable in the world, have greater opportunities for promoting the Redeemer's kingdom. Your example has more influence on the world than the example of those in lower life. It is a happiness to be in reputation among our fellow-creatures; but what are all the honors of this world when compared to the honor of being a child of God? For if we are children, then are we heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Not to corruptible crowns, and perishing riches, but to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. O who would

would not wiſh to be a chriſtian? Could the worldling but know the immenſe riches that there is in Chriſt, would not he ſell all that he poſſeſſes to purchaſe that pearl of great price? Theſe riches, this honor have all the ſaints.

But reproach is alſo yours, and it will ever be the lot of all the true friends of Jeſus. But if ye are reproached for the name of Chriſt, happy are you; for the ſpirit of glory and of God reſteth upon you; on their part he is evil ſpoken of, but on your part he is glorified. And O! who would not be willing to be reproached to promote the glory of God? What are our poor worthleſs names when compared to the divine glory? The honor of God is of more importance than every thing beſides. Does the world reproach you, O chriſtian, becauſe you have renounced its vanities? Rejoice that you are counted worthy to ſuffer reproach for Chriſt's ſake. Ye who have taſted redeeming love, have reaſon to adore God's diſtinguiſhing goodneſs. I had rather have my lot with the moſt deſpiſed of all God's children, than to have my portion with the rich and great, who live without God in the world. Is the chriſtian deſpiſed? 'Tis right, 'tis beſt; thus it fared with the bleſſed Jeſus. 'Tis right that the diſciple ſhould be as his Lord, and the ſervant as his maſter. Paul could take pleaſure in infirmities, in reproaches,

proaches, in neceſſities, in perſecutions, in diſtreſſes for Chriſt's ſake, for, ſays he, when I am weak, then am I ſtrong. O pleaſing thought, God is unchangeable, and that grace which was ſufficient for ſaint Paul, is ſufficient for all his followers.

Death is alſo in the chriſtian's inventory. Yes, it is the paſſage to eternal life. O death, thou king of terrors, and terror of kings! the chriſtian can bid you welcome. There is nothing dreadful in thy aſpect, when by an eye of faith he is enabled to look beyond thee. No, thou appeareſt with an angel's face, and a deliverer's hand. The chriſtian can paſs in triumph through death's dark dominions, with a bliſsful aſſurance of appearing not as a captive, but a conqueror. Welcome, thrice welcome thou kind meſſenger of heaven, lead, O lead me to my dear Redeemer. I long to be releaſed from this darkneſs and confinement. Come, ſaid an eminent chriſtian (now in glory)

Come death, ſhake hands, I'll kiſs thy bands,
'Tis happineſs to die.
What, doſt thou think that I will ſhrink?
I'll go to immortality.

Death may well be reckoned among the chriſtian's treaſures; for as Milton beautifully obſerves, we muſt die to have a perfect knowledge of the happineſs of heaven. With what holy fortitude of ſoul did David ſay, though I walk through the dark

valley

valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy ſtaff they comfort me. Pleaſing thought !—for thou art with me. Oh ! happy ſouls who are thus highly favoured with the ſweet ſmiles of a reconciled God. Oh ſweet ſolemnity of a dying ſcene, when by faith we can croſs the narrow boundaries of time, and feel our ſouls winging their flight to manſions of eternal bleſſedneſs.

Eternity is yours, O chriſtian, and you will ſoon take poſſeſſion of thoſe boundleſs joys ; you will ſhortly drink at the fountain head of endleſs felicity. All tears ſhall forever be wiped from your eyes, and you ſhall be eternally happy without anything to interrupt your joys. O what happineſs to be forever freed from the clogs of mortality ! to be forever freed from a body of ſin and death ! what a happineſs to enter into a ſtate of ſinleſs perfection ! eternity I believe will unfold to our view the wonderful ſcenes of providence ; many things in this world are dark and myſterious ; but what we know not now we ſhall know hereafter. When this mortal ſhall put on immortality, then death will be ſwallowed up of life ; then we ſhall be made like Chriſt ; yes, we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is. O glorious happineſs ! my ſoul longs to launch out into thy pleaſurable depths, and to be ſwallowed up in the

ocean

ocean of eternity. O how low are our ideas of the eternal world! ſurely the happineſs of heaven is more perfect than any poſſible deſcription. Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for thoſe who love him. While I contemplate thoſe glories, my ſoul pants for immortality, I long to break theſe ſhackles which chain me down to earth. Hail, kindred ſpirits! I long to join your bliſsful ſociety; I feel allied by ties ſtronger than any that nature knows. Oh methinks heaven echoes to your charming notes, while divine love which is all your ſong, knows no limits of degree in duration. Oh what a happineſs to ſing the wonders of redeeming love. Methinks this is a note that angels can never reach. O the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the love of Chriſt. Here is an ocean in which I would ever ſwim!

May theſe faint deſires be kindled into an everlaſting flame. When ſhall ſhall theſe languiſhing expectations be done away? When ſhall I contemplate the glorious character and adorable perfections of Jehovah, without a veil to intercept the proſpect?

Hail! happy day, approach with ſpeedy pace;
I long to ſee my God, and bleſſed Saviour's face.

My

My wiſhes, hopes, my pleaſures and my love,
My thoughts and nobleſt paſſions are above.

O what glory ſhines in the prince Immanuel! he is the brightneſs of his Father's glory, and the expreſs image of his perſon. See him there with glory crowned; ſhining brighter than the ſun; ſee the ſaints all ſtanding around, telling what their Lord hath done. O happy ſouls who have entered thoſe bliſsful regions of love and joy. There peace and tranquility eternally reſide.

"There holy ſouls perpetual ſabbaths keep,
But never are concern'd for food or ſleep;
There new-come ſaints with wreaths of light are crown'd,
While ivory harps, and ſilver trumpets ſound.
There flaming ſeraphs ſacred hymns begin,
And raptur'd cherubs loud reſponſes ſing."

On CONTENTMENT.

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy they who do this treaſure find.

IS this ineſtimable bleſſing confined to the rich and great? No, certainly; for we often ſee the poor contented, and the rich unhappy. Is contentment found among the wicked or good? There is a ſort of contentment that may be found among

among the worſt of men, but it may rather be called a ſupine indifference, for true contentment is a chriſtian grace, which the unrenewed know nothing of. The chriſtian can ſay, ſure I envy not the miſer, and to be contented is to rejoice in the ſovereignty of God; it is to be willing that he ſhould do whatever his infinite wiſdom ſees fit. But this glorious attribute is quarreled with by the ſinner. The carnal mind is enmity with God, not being ſubject to his law, neither indeed can be. No, the heart that is oppoſed to God, is not content that God ſhould reign.

If poverty is the lot of the wicked, they murmur and repine at the diſpenſations of providence. If riches are their portion, they are ſtill unhappy, becauſe they do not ſee the ſource from whence their bleſſings flow. Well might the Pſalmiſt ſay, *better is a little, &c.* The true chriſtian can rejoice in God when in poverty or in riches, in proſperity or in adverſity. Is the chriſtian poor? He knows it is the allotment of a wiſe and tender Parent; therefore he ſubmits without repining. Is he rich? He is content and thankful, and improves his mercies for his Maker's glory.

GOD *alpha and omega.*

FROM eternity to eternity thou art God, without beginning of days, or end of years. God is the immortal ſpring of life; the fountain of all exiſtence. O how infinitely great and glorious is God! he made heaven and earth, the ſea, and the fountains of water. O ſurpriſing thought! he holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meaſures out the heavens with a ſpan. He comprehends the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, and weighs the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance; he takes up the iſles as a very little thing. Here is wonderful power, but not more wonderful than that which ſpake them into exiſtence. Nothing ſhort of almighty power could produce the leaſt ſpire of graſs, or breathe life into the meaneſt inſect. O! how delightful to contemplate the great Creator; but my mind ſeems loſt in the infinite extent. What ſhall I ſay of him? Say he is God, and that comprehends every thing. O for ſuch a view as Job had, when he ſaid, I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes ſee thee; wherefore I abhor myſelf, and repent as in duſt and aſhes. We are not only duſt, but vile ſinful duſt. How muſt we appear in the eyes of a holy God, if the heavens are not clean in his ſight?

How

How much more vile is man who drinketh iniquity like water? Shall man be proud? Look into thy nothingneſs, mortal creature. Behold thy own emptineſs, and God's all-ſufficiency. O how unſatisfactory are all things here below. Creatures without a God can yield me no ſupplies. Methinks I can adopt the language of dear Mrs. Rowe and ſay, I long to behold the ſupreme beauty, I pant for the fair original of all that is lovely, for beauty that is yet unknown, and for intellectual pleaſures yet untaſted. My heart aſpires, my wiſhes fly beyond the bounds of creation, and deſpiſe all that mortality can preſent. I was formed for celeſtial joys, and find myſelf capable of the entertainments of angels. Why may I not begin my heaven below, and taſte at leaſt of the ſprings of pleaſure that flow from thy right hand forever? Should I drink my fill, thoſe fountains are ſtill exhauſtleſs. Millions of happy ſouls fill their infinite deſires there. Millions of happy orders of beings gaze on thy beauty, and are made partakers of thy bleſſedneſs; but thou art ſtill undiminiſhed. No liberality can waſte the ſtore of thy perfection; it has flowed from eternity, and runs forever freſh.

How long ſhall I wander in this deſart land, where every proſpect is waſte and barren? I look around

around me in vain, and ſigh ſtill unſatisfied. O who will lead me to the ſtill waters, and make me to repoſe in green paſtures, where the weary are forever at reſt? What are all things below God, but vanity and vexation of ſpirit? O let me flee above the world, and live alone to thee. My ſoul would ſoar aloft above created things, and contemplate an uncreated God. Let nothing hide thee from my view. Let me look through all things to thee. With holy wonder let me ſurvey the ample round of creation, as lying in the hollow of thy hand. O how great art thou! thou art a rock, and thy work is perfect, for all thy ways are judgment; a God of truth, and without iniquity, juſt and right art thou. There is no ſolid ſatisfaction in any thing below this glorious God. Why then do I wander from him? Why do I leave the fountain of living water for broken ciſterns? Why do I abandon the full ocean in ſearch of ſhallow ſtreams? What account can I give for folly like this, when I know that nothing but God can make me happy?

Why is my heart ſo far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

Why

Why ſhould my fooliſh paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch ſweetneſs be,
As I have taſted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

Can I forget the God who made me, when I know that I received the laſt breath that I drew, from him? He does ſuſtain my life this very moment, and the next breath depends entirely on his pleaſure. It is the dignity of my nature to know, and my happineſs to praiſe and adore my great original. But, O thou ſupreme Being, how art thou to be extolled by mortal man? The language of paradiſe, and the ſtrains of celeſtial eloquence fall ſhort of thy perfections. The firſt-born ſons of light loſe themſelves in bliſsful aſtoniſhment, in ſearch of thy excellencies; even they with ſilent raptures adore thee, while thou art veiled with ineffable ſplendor; how then ſhall mortals attempt thy praiſes? Thou art the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-ſuffering, abundant in goodneſs. O how thy lovely attributes harmonize together in the wonderful plan of redemption. There mercy and truth meet together, righteouſneſs and peace have embraced each other. O how thy wiſdom ſhines in that unſpeakable gift of thy love; but not there alone; in every common inſtance God is ſeen. At thy word the pillars of the ſky were

framed, and its beauteous arches raiſed. Thou gave the luſtre to thoſe brilliant ſtars that decorate the ſkies. It was thou who adorned the moon with ſilver rays, and gave the ſun its glorious ſplendor. Thou didſt prepare for the waters their capacious bed, and by thy power ſet bounds to the raging billows. But thy mercies know no bounds. O God! if thou art ſo glorious in thy works, what muſt thy eſſential glory be? Here the contemplative mind ſeems loſt, and is like the feeble inſect that flutters around the blaze of a candle. But praiſed be thy name, we may adore where we can never comprehend.

"The bright, the bleſt divinity is known
And comprehended by himſelf alone."

In thee are infinite depths of love; thou art the boundleſs ſource of perfection. Thou art the centre of thy own deſires, and the boundleſs ſpring of thy own happineſs. Thy favour is better than life, therefore my lips ſhall praiſe thee.

If all the monarchs whoſe command ſupreme,
Divides the wide dominion of this ball,
Should offer each his boaſted diadem,
I would not quit thy favour for them all.

Theſe trifles with contempt I would reſign,
The world's a toy while I can call thee mine.

There

There is no inferiour good can ſatisfy the ſoul that has taſted redeeming love, and anticipates the pleaſures of a bliſsful eternity.

There's naught on earth t' allure the mind,
Which keeps a heaven in view;
Who with ambition unconfin'd,
Unbounded bliſs purſues.
Lay crowns and ſceptres at his feet,
Let riches, pleaſures, honors wait,
And fondly court his ſmile,
He'll ſcorn the charm of things ſo vain,
Spurn them away with juſt diſdain,
Nor count them worth his while.—

O for a realizing ſenſe of inviſible realities. Although the mind is loſt, it ſtill would wander, fain would I rove in yonder worlds of bliſs. O that my praiſes might mingle with the harmony of angels. Methinks heaven's high arches now reſound with hallelujahs, while all the redeemed (though once ſons of earth and mortality) join with them in celebrating the honors of Jeſus. Can I forbear to adore that grace which tunes the harps of heaven, and yields them an immortal ſubject of harmony and praiſe? The ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, fix their contemplations here. They adore the glorious myſtery, and while they ſing the wonders of redeeming grace, and dying love, they aſcribe glory and honor, dominion

dominion and power to him that ſitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.

Myſterious depths of boundleſs love,
My admiration raiſe ;
O God, thy name exalted ſtands
Above my higheſt praiſe.

But let me adore thee, though my praiſes fall infinitely ſhort of thy divine perfections. O it is glorious employment, although I have here a thouſand interruptions, a thouſand cold and darkſome intervals, when my heart and tongue are both untuned. O the happineſs of cherubim and ſeraphim, who ceaſe not day nor night, but continually cry, holy, holy, holy is the Lord God, the whole earth is full of his glory. Happy ſpirits who run your endleſs rounds of bliſs, and contemplate that glorious fountain of being, and of bleſſedneſs. O God, how great art thou ! thou ſitteth on the circle of the heavens, and the inhabitants of the earth are like graſshoppers before thee. Well might the Pſalmiſt ſay, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him ? Or the ſon of man that thou doſt viſit him ?" O the condeſcenſion of a God ; we are unworthy to think of ſuch a glorious Being.

Our ſins have rendered us viler than the brute creation.

creation. But Oh there is a glorious fountain opened for ſin and uncleanneſs. The blood of Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin. Oh the infinite depths of love, never to be expreſſed by human language; but yet ſhould man be ſilent, even the inanimate creation would reproach his ingratitude. Shall man refuſe to praiſe? Oh how I pity thoſe thoughtleſs creatures that have no taſte for theſe ſublime employments, no reliſh for theſe rational enjoyments. What delights can the trifles of ſenſe afford? All that amuſes mankind are but dreams of happineſs. Where can we draw ſatisfaction but from the fountain of all joy? Had I all things within the compaſs of creation to delight me, I could not be happy without the enjoyment of my God.

Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no heav'n to me;
And whilſt this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

Thou art my boundleſs treaſure, my infinite delight; my all, my ſatisfying portion. I cannot be happy without thee, no more than I can ſee without light, or breathe without air. Happineſs ſeparate from thee were a contradiction, or rather an impoſſibility; I feel a deſire which the moſt glorious creation could not ſatisfy, even if I could

could call it all my own, an emptineſs which nothing but infinite love could fill. Mortal things can never ſatisfy an immortal mind.—No, the ſoul graſps for immortality; it claims kindred with angels. Hail! ye bleſſed and immortal ſpirits; I long to join your harmonious ſtrains of love, praiſe and adoration. When ſhall I ſpeak in that divine language which mortals cannot pronounce? When ſhall I ſee him whom my ſoul loves? He is the chiefeſt among ten thouſands, he is altogether lovely. He is the fountain of perfection.

What can I add, for all my words are faint?
Celeſtial love no eloquence can paint;
No more can be in mortal ſounds expreſs'd,
But vaſt eternity ſhall tell the reſt.

15 OC 61

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

At the end of page 19, *add the ſubſequent, viz.*

With a feaſt of fragrance ſo ſweet,